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SLIP INSIDE,
SEXY!

SAYS STUNNING
SANDY

STUDENT
LUCY'S
PRIVATE SEX
LESSONS
INSIDE!

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MAGAZINE
OF THE
REAR 1994



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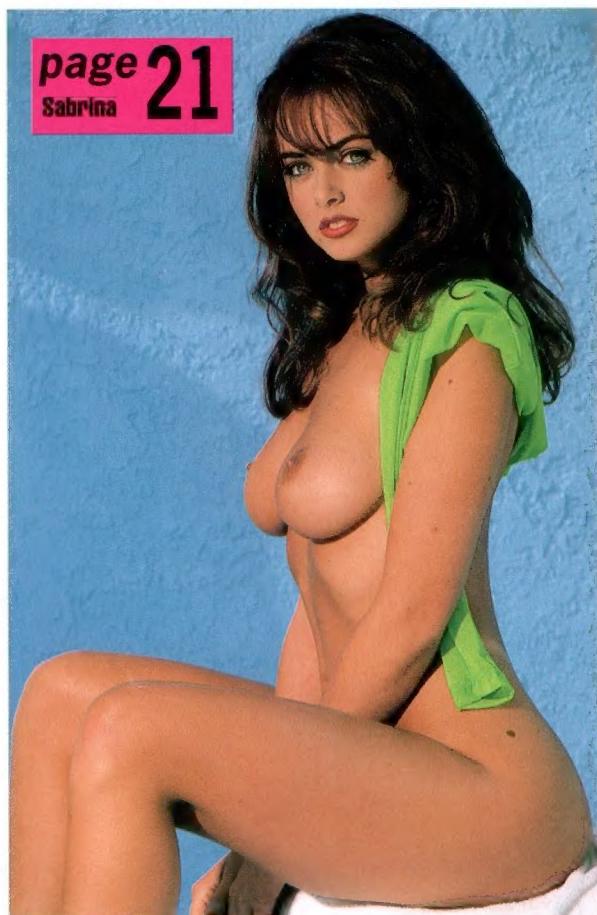
THIS MONTH IN CLUB TEA

CLUB INTERNATIONAL

Volume Twenty Three Number Two

Thought of the month:
 "Don't turn your nose up
 at a white February"—
 Scott, Kennington

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Party on Clubbers! What a month it's been! Just when I thought I was sobering up after the New Year binges my birthday crept up on me and I was off again. It's getting to the point where I'm not sure whether I've got a permanent hangover or I'm so pissed that I'm just imagining it. Which reminds me of a strange experience I had the other week with one of those Euroloos. There I was, 10 o'clock on a sunny Saturday morning, making my way home after a good night's excess in the seedier dives of Soho, (The George, The Dog House, back to The George, back to the Dog House, back to the George and down to The Job Club) when I found myself rather full of bladder. So, not wanting to draw a map of Africa on the inside leg of my new designer jeans (Mr Byrite's best traveira flares, £5.99), I went in search of a slash palace.

Now those of you who know Soho will know that it's easier to find a ballad on a Prodigy LP than a bog in Greek Street. But, being somewhat worse for wear, I convinced myself that I'd once spotted a public bog in Piccadilly Circus.

So I headed towards Soho Square. What the hell. The devil must have been smiling upon me because as I careered



page 36
Barbara

round the last corner, leaning aerodynamically into the bend, I fair fell over the object of my quest: the French's answer to semi-detached cottaging. I fumbled around in my pockets for the requisite small change but found nothing but large notes. Not of the bankable kind, you understand. The ones that are crammed full of girlies' phone numbers. Hey, 'cos I'm the kind of guy who girls give their number to at the end of an evening at The George, then The Dog House then back to The George. All women find me irresistible after a few pints. It's a fact backed up with hard evidence. I never go home alone at night – because I'm still drinking in the morning.

The ache in my bladder spread to my kidneys. It was time for fast thinking. A challenge. I uncurled my last fiver and minced over the road to the newsagents. Then I minced back to the portaloos, the pain in my bladder reaching critical. I finally relieved myself with some relief. It took me half an hour to find the ergonomically concealed flush button but, hey, I'm not the kind of guy to leave something how I wouldn't like to find it. I was still looking for the button when my elbow inadvertently found it, sending a high-powered jet of bloo-loo straight at my crotch.

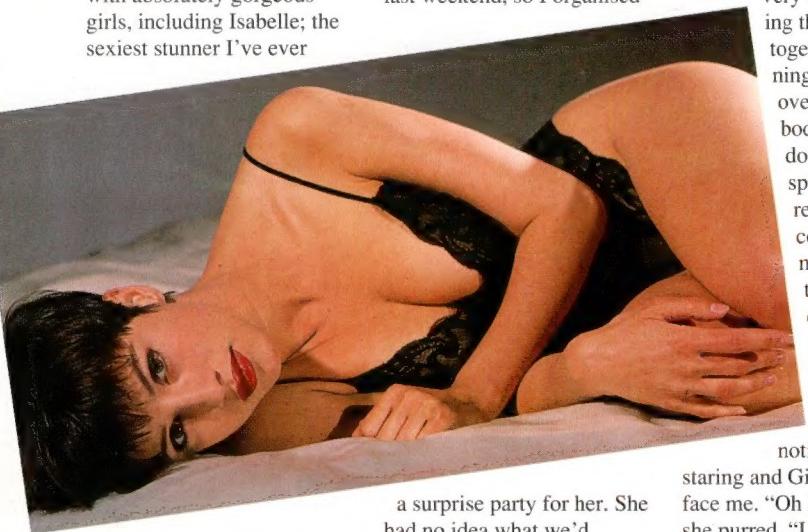
Hey, just another bad hangover in the big smoke. ♠



In the bag

OOOH, ISABELLE!

I've just bought the latest issue of Club (Vol 22 No 13), and felt I had to write in and congratulate you on your best issue ever! It was a real Christmas cracker packed with absolutely gorgeous girls, including Isabelle; the sexiest stunner I've ever



seen in your magazine. She had a beautiful smile that endeared me to her immediately, but that was just one of her many attributes. Her breasts were simply exquisite, and begged to be sucked, licked and kissed – preferably as a prelude to getting stuck into her wonderfully bushy pussy! I don't think that I've ever fantasised about a girl as much as I have with Isabelle. Let's see more of her in the next issue, please! – Steven, Osterley

MUSIC TO MY EARS!

Although I'm certainly no stud, I can honestly say that I've had some pretty exciting sexual experiences to date. However, the one I'm about to tell you about is something extra special...

I share a two-bedroomed flat with a friend of mine, Fiona. She's 23-years-old with long dark hair, a lithe figure and stunning looks. She works as a DJ in London and is very well paid, so

she's always wearing very trendy clothes that show off her impressive figure. We've known each other since college and although we're very good friends, our relationship has always remained platonic. It was her birthday last weekend, so I organised

a surprise party for her. She had no idea what we'd planned, so when she came in at nine o'clock that night and was greeted by twenty people, she was very surprised and pleased. The night was a great success; loads of wine was drunk as people chatted, listened to music and had a good laugh.

Around three in the morning, the party had fizzled out and people were making their excuses and heading home leaving myself, Fiona and her friend, Gina in the flat. Gina's a very successful business woman in her early thirties and looked every inch the power dresser in her smart, black two-piece suit, with her short blonde hair gelled back from her face. She was wearing bright red lipstick and dark eye shadow. The overall effect was very stunning and incredibly sexy.

There were a few bottles of red wine left, so the three of us contented ourselves with finishing them off. Suddenly Gina sprung up from the seat and put a James Brown tape into the stereo. "I haven't

We've got the dirtiest readers there are! Send in your lewd letters to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF.

even had a dance with the birthday girl yet," she announced, pulling Fiona up from where she was sitting. "C'mon, Fiona, let's dance..."

The two of them linked arms and started dancing very sexily, thrusting their crotches together and running their hands over each other's body. I put it down to high spirits and the red wine, but I couldn't keep my eyes off them – their dancing was so incredibly suggestive. Fiona and Gina soon

noticed that I was staring and Gina turned to face me. "Oh look, Fiona," she purred. "I think Peter must be feeling left out, poor boy. Why don't we ask him

to dance?"

I didn't wait to be asked a second time and jumped up from my seat to join them. But instead of the three of us dancing together, the girls took an arm each and led me through to the bedroom. "It'll be more comfortable through here, don't you think, Peter?" giggled Gina, before sitting down on the bed while Fiona and I

of her intentions. I began to move my hands over her chest, gently rubbing her nipples through her thin blouse, then remembered that we weren't alone in the bedroom. I abruptly broke off and glanced at Gina and saw that she was watching us both with wide eyes. I smiled at her, walked towards the bed and motioned for her to join us.



...So you see, Mr Trenshaw, by fondling your wife's nipples while simultaneously thrusting, she will in fact achieve an orgasm!

danced with each other.

"How about a birthday kiss from my favourite flatmate, Peter?" laughed Fiona, before pulling me close to her and planting a smacker on my lips. I was quite surprised, but I guessed that she was a bit tiddly, but when I felt her knee rubbing against my crotch I was in no doubt

She jumped up to her feet immediately, but slipped right past me, threw her arms around Fiona and started kissing her. Within seconds their hands were all over each other; undoing buttons and pulling off clothes until they were almost completely undressed. It was like I wasn't even there – I've

CZECH IT OUT...

We discover the tastiest export from the Czech Republic since Martina Navratilova... (Are you sure? – The Ed)

Do you fancy being the hippest drinker on the block? Then forget those poncy Spanish and Mexican beers – lime is for fruit salads, folks, not alcoholic drinks – and get your hands on a bottle of Czechoslovakian Zamek, before the country declares itself an independent republic and disbands into five unpronounceable subsidiaries!

With the wind of change currently sweeping through Eastern Europe, we can't guarantee that the authentic, full-bodied, premium lager will still be brewed in the town of Ceske Budejovice by the time

we hit the newsagents – that's why we shipped out a couple of crates of the stuff in the last United Nations Observation convoy. Clever, huh? We've also managed to get our hands on a few exclusive Zamek tee-

shirts too. (The fashion conscious of Bratislava wouldn't be seen in anything else this winter! – Fashion Ed) We'll give the lot away to the first lucky reader who can answer this simple question: What is the capital of Czechoslovakia? a) Prague, b) Budapest or c) Munich. Answers on a postcard to the usual address. Cheers! *



never seen anything like it!

I moved onto the bed, sat back and watched enthused as I revelled in the sight of two gorgeous women caressing and touching each other's near-naked bodies. Fiona's long, dark hair reached down to the top of her smooth buttocks and I spied her elegantly trimmed muff and large breasts. Gina was a little bit slimmer, with small, pert breasts, thick solid nipples and an almost athletic body. From where I was sitting, I could see that Gina had parted Fiona's pussy lips and was easing a slim finger in and out of her hole, bringing her to a shuddering orgasm as her knees buckled with sexual pleasure. All this was too much for me and I was sure that I was going to come in my pants at any second.

Fiona and Gina both turned around to face me, then walked over to the bed. Gina undid my belt, while Fiona dropped to her knees and started pulling my trousers and boxer shorts down to my ankles.

Fiona started to kiss her way up the insides of my thighs until she reached my balls. She paused for a second to fix me with a cheeky grin, then started to greedily lap at my swollen sacks. Gina quickly moved behind her and eased her legs apart, then circled a finger around Fiona's sticky hole and started to frig her. Fiona's reaction was instant, she broke off from sucking my cock, threw her head back and smiled at Gina who was by now working up a hard rhythm.

Fiona soon got back to servicing my cock though; moving forward to draw my length right into her throat and sucking furiously. "I'm coming," I yelled, as I felt my balls tighten and a thick wad of spunk splashed all over Fiona's face and breasts. She turned to face Gina, then the two of them started rubbing their bodies against each other, coating their pale skins in a thin sheen of spunk. Then Gina lay back on the floor while Fiona climbed on top of her and started excitedly lapping my spunk from her skin.

Fiona's legs were spread wide open in front of me and I could see her pink

s a n d y

Photographs by Roberto Rocci

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continued on page 42





You'd certainly be guaranteed sweet dreams if sexy Sandy took you to her bedroom, although the girl herself would prefer it if you had dirty dreams instead...

"I get all my inspiration from my own naughty dreams," reveals the 20-year-old from Bournemouth. "Take last night, I had a lovely dream where I was sucking on this guy's cock; it was nice and soft to begin with, but as I started working on it I could feel it getting longer and thicker and harder as I ran my wet

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*tongue all the way
around it!*

*"I woke up with a wet
patch on the duvet and
a lovely tingling feeling
between my legs," says
Sandy, with a satisfied
smile across her face.*

*"It's funny though – it
seems to be a recurring
dream! Wonder what
that means?"*

*We could take a wild
guess, Sandy! ♣*

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LA BELLE BABE BEA

Turn on, tune in and get square eyed with **Dean Isherwood** as he reviews the latest video releases...

La Fille de L'Air Certificate: TBC Tartan video

You have to feel sympathy for Beatrice Dalle; extolled for her role in *Betty Blue*, every new film she makes inevitably leads to comparisons

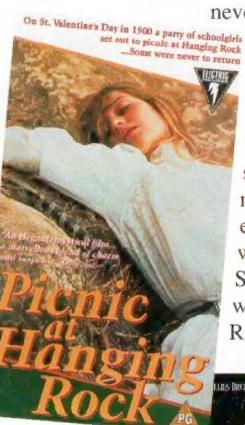
number of worthy re-releases this month, among them this 1975 feature that marked the dawn of a new age in Australian cinema.

The story tells of a group of schoolgirls who set out on a St Valentine's Day picnic from which two of their party disappear and are never found. The film

is a compelling mixture of danger, mysticism and juvenility that builds the mood sufficiently to make this an enjoyable film to while away a Sunday afternoon with.

Rating: **✓✓✓✓**

**Beatrice Dalle in
La Fille de L'Air**
Based on a true story
Directed by Gérard
Perrin



Picnic at Hanging Rock
PG

with the
Jean-Jacques
Beineix clas-

sic. Although she looks ravishing in this film, the script isn't strong enough to elevate her to anything other than a visual distraction.

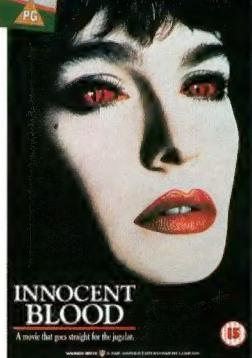
Dalle plays Brigitte, a woman struggling to bring up her daughter alone until ex-con Daniel arrives in her life. During a 'business trip' to Paris, a cop is shot dead and Daniel is the prime suspect. Tragedy ensues when Brigitte follows an unlikely route to free her husband, leading to an escape from a Paris jail by helicopter.

It's billed as an action-packed thriller, although aficionados of this genre would be better served with Luc Besson's, *Nikita*, a far superior film. It's not that Dalle hasn't made any good films since *Betty Blue* (see *Night On Earth*), but unless she gets the roles that she deserves then *Betty Blue – The Second Coming* may be just around the corner.

Rating: **✓✓✓**

Picnic At Hanging Rock Certificate: PG Electric Pictures

The post-Christmas lull in the video market has seen a



Innocent Blood Certificate: 15 Warner Home Video

Criminally underrated on its cinematic release, this film stars Anne Parillaud as a beautiful vampire who only dines on Italian mobsters.

Mayhem ensues when she takes a bite from Mafia kingpin, Sal Macelli (Robert Loggia) but is interrupted before she finishes the job. Sal wakes up undead and realises that this is the best thing that has happened to him and his ruthless career.

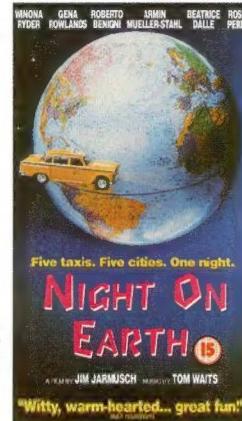
A mixture of high camp and comic capers, this film makes a change from the second-rate *Dracula* pastiches available elsewhere.

Rating: **✓✓✓✓**

VIDEO OF THE MONTH Night On Earth Certificate: 15 Electric pictures

Five taxi journeys in one night in five cities. A clever premise from director, writer and producer Jim Jarmusch, and one that works brilliantly. Everyone will have a favourite amongst the nocturnal journeys; from the chain-smoking Winona Ryder who shuns the opportunity of Hollywood stardom to fulfil her wish of graduating from driver to mechanic, to the blind Beatrice Dalle who knows her way around Paris better than her driver.

Although three of the five montages are subtitled, it's these parts that come across as the most engaging – the humour is so well-written that it easily transcends any



language barriers. Each segment also has the ability to give an authentic flavour of the city in which it was shot.

Jarmusch has already had cult hits with *Down By Law* and *Mystery Train* but this movie is easily his funniest and most accessible work to date. Consummate performances from the cast and a faultless soundtrack from Tom Waits puts the finishing touches to a warm, funny and evocative film that leaves you realising London cabbies are very, very conventional.

Rating: **✓✓✓✓✓**

Other recommended releases: *Cinema Paradiso*, *Shadows*, *Five Easy Pieces*, *Fatal Deception* ♣

| RATINGS |
|---------------------------|
| unmissable, a classic |
| ✓✓✓✓✓ |
| definitely worth watching |
| ✓✓✓✓✓ |
| fairly good ✓✓✓✓ |
| average ✓✓✓ |
| yawn, fast forward ✓✓ |
| appalling ✓ |

FANCY A SPIN?

Now here's a man who can't resist airing his dirty laundry in public! **Washing Machine Man**, Rick Maisel, likes nothing more than going for a spin on a Sunday afternoon; although it's usually at 1000rpm and there's even less leg-room in his dream machine than your standard family saloon.

You see, our Rick – who just happens to be American, of course – earns a living by travelling the world in his Electrolux washing machine and thrilling captivated (*Shouldn't that be captive?* — *The Ed*) audiences by strapping on manacles and handcuffs and attempting to free himself from a boil wash before he shrinks two or three sizes.

Rick, who's obviously two odd socks short of a dirty laundry basket, is pictured at Tokyo's



Rick of being a publicity hungry, attention-seeking tosser who'd do anything for money, though of course we never would. But the sight of Rick does beg the ugly question, how long will it be before Danny Baker crops up on telly advertising Daz in similarly stupid style?

Go on Danny, we dare you. ♣

BASTARD

Ooooh! That wabbit gets ewwwhere! Not content with digging up our gardens, eating our carrots and dropping anvils on our heads, we found that mischievous little Bugs gobbling up our regular girl, Lucy!

The furry little creature was caught in the act during a Club photo session inside Lucy's bedroom for this month's issue (see page 12), tucking into our Lucy's bush with considerable relish. Needless to say, we were a little miffed to see Lucy get muffed by a rabbit and asked her what was going on...

"Don't worry, boys," she reassured us, "it's Floppy!"

Not from where we were standing, we insisted.

"No, silly, Floppy, my cuddly toy rabbit."

Pheeeew! For a moment there we thought you'd gone loony toons, Lucy!

"Floppy was given to me by a Club reader who asked me to find a



SEALS OF APPROVAL

Yes, it's those inimitable arbiters of taste, The Seals of Approval, making their debut in Club, passing judgment on important issues of the day.

This month the seals approve of:
Pictures of Kate Moss with no clothes on
Any pictures of Kate Moss
Seeing Halle Berry on TV
Dancing to the Andy Weatherall guitar remix of One Dove's Breakdown
Anyone with the name



Sophy
Four cans of chilled Red Stripe and a good bong

But they don't approve of:
Magazines without any

BUNNY!

burrow for him. So whenever I'm on my own in bed I slip Floppy in next to me, snuggled between my boobs."

Well, at least we now know what the rabbit's doing in your bedroom, but it still doesn't explain why he's got such a wet nose...♣



reference to Kate Moss and her pert tits
The county of Kent People called Darren Girls called Kate Moss who aren't actually the Kate Moss
Snoop Doggy Dogg Retsina wine David Baddiel

Alright, we know, we know; it's just a cheap rehash of the old IN AND OUT column we used to have, but it's better with a picture of two blubbery

STAR SPOT

He's fat, filthy and very funny, but what exactly makes **Roy Chubby Brown** such a star? Club decided to go where no mag has gone before...

Are there any ladies out there who have problems with their clitoris?" enquires the man in a patchwork suit, flying hat and goggles who has just walked onto the stage. "Well if you have, come and see me after the show. I'm not sure if I can do anything for you, but I'll certainly have a bloody good look!"

Clitorises are a favourite subject of Roy Chubby Brown's. In his soon-to-be released film, *UFO* – in which Chubby is beamed from earth to the planet Clitoris – he talks about little else, firing off lines such as "I'll have none of your lip" and "Keep your head down until you're needed". He's also rather fond of talking about "licking pussy" and has an endearing name for women: "Split arses". Split arses? "Having a fanny with a crack all the way around looks like you've split your arse". And if all this sounds offensive? Well that's the whole bloody point...

"If I offend anyone in any shape or form, then come and have a quiet word with me – and I'll fucking offend you again!" says the roly-poly funster, who couldn't give a toss who he upsets. And the audience love it. Nothing is sacred and nothing is taboo – fucking, sucking, wanking, spanking, subtlety has never been his strong point and it's earned him a cult following.

But Chubby himself doesn't reckon he's actually that rude. "I never say anything about women that I wouldn't say about myself. I go on about my private parts and being fat and ugly. Anyway, women behave far worse than men," chortles Chubby, who confessed that he once ended up in a ladies toilet by mistake. "The things they had hanging on the walls were disgusting. Absolutely filthy. Pictures of dicks like flying rockets. Disgusting. You only have

to do a hen night to know. When the male stripper comes on all the girls want to suck his dick. When women let their hair down and have a few drinks, they get pretty wild."

Chubby started his career back in the 1970s on programmes like New Faces and Opportunity Knocks where the likes of Les Dawson, Little & Large and Marti Caine were plying their trade and becoming far more successful than



Chubby, who at that time wouldn't swear at a sparrow.

"I was a clean comic then," he explains. Then he thought bollocks to all that and started to turn blue, taking his stuff off the telly and into the northern working men's clubs where he went down a storm. At one particular club he was so outrageously vulgar that the club officials had him taken off the stage and escorted off the premises. The entire audience left and walked across the road to the nearby pub where Chubby carried on with his show from one end of the bar. "I'm the building site comic. I'm pulling birds and drinking and effing and blinding.

Doctors and visitors do come and see my shows. My humour is aimed at the down-to-earth blokes; the bricklayers, the roadsweepers and the bin-men. People who work every day for a living," says Chubby, who regularly tends to use ve

people every second he is on stage. But no matter how callous he is, the audience greets him like an old friend with a welcoming chorus of, "You fat bastard, you fat bastard!"

Who started this?

"I started writing comedy songs and giving them titles like *The Cunt*, *Sick As Fuck*," explains Chubby. "I wanted to come out with something less controversial and *The Fat Bastard* was just another comedy song. It's something I encourage because it's fun for everyone to join in."

Talking of fat bastards, who does Chubby think is more offensive, him or Bernard Manning?

"Bernard, definitely," he says, quick as a packet of Flash. "He's an old mate of mine. I used to work with him, actually. Bernard doesn't mind who he offends,

I'm a bit more of a story-teller."

Chubby can even occasionally be clean –

"I've heard that MFI have taken

over
Tesco's. Now all the legs fall off the chickens" – but still churns out his bluer-than-blue tirades for the better part of his routines, and the more offensive the better.

"Has anyone told you that you are really beautiful?" he asks one woman in the audience.

"No," says the woman shyly.

"I'm not fucking surprised," quips Chubby.

He has a way with words and a way with women. "The wife said to me, 'That's not my lipstick on your collar'. Too fucking right it's not, I told her. You never have your fucking mouth shut!"

His missus takes a lot of stick. Witness him on the phone talking to her in the film. After a long mouthy chat, she asks him the question every woman wants to know the answer to, "Do you love me?"

"Of course I love you," says Chubby earnestly. "I fuck you, don't I?" ♣

SHE'S ALL YOURS!

Lucy

Photographs by
Jack Harrison

Hi there guys! Bet you never thought you'd see me getting my head between the pages of a book! Well, I reckoned it was high time I stretched a different part of my anatomy, so I enrolled in an evening course at my local college.

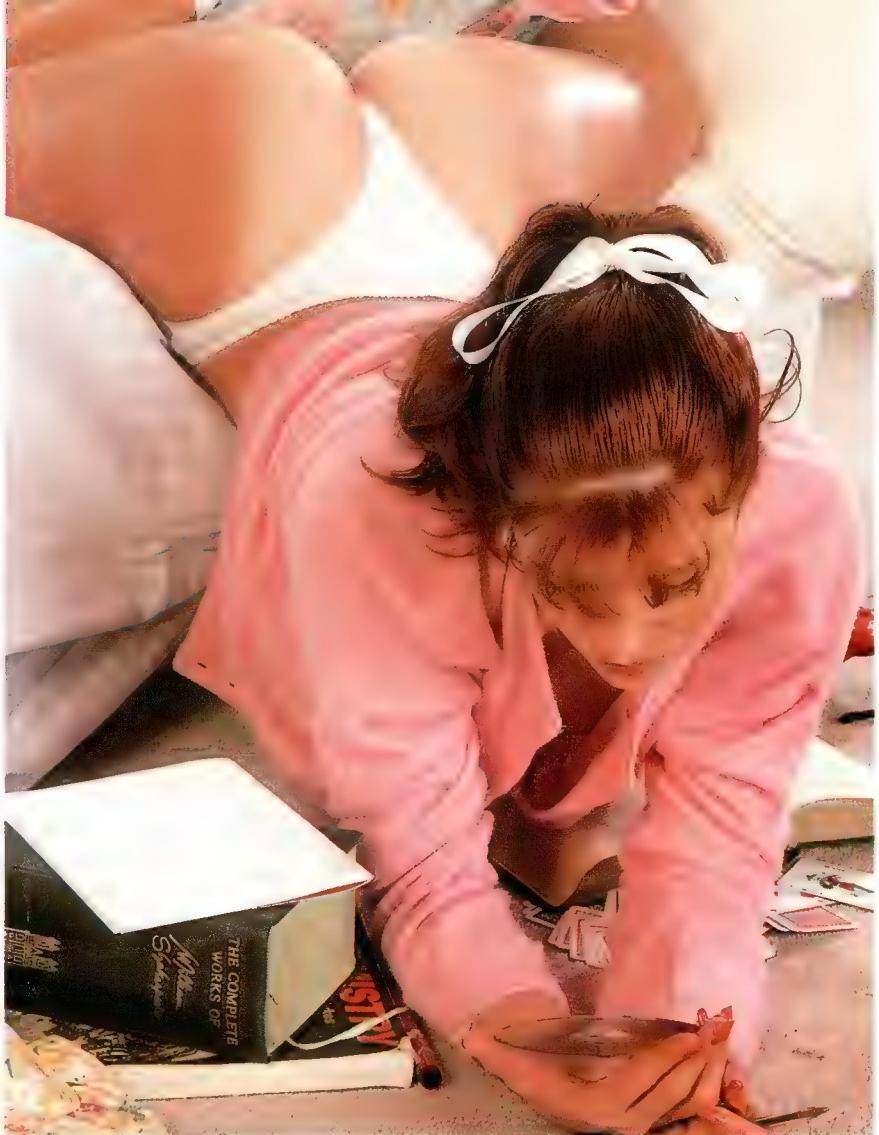
Problem was, while I was lying there going through my notes on the bed, my mind started wandering and I started fiddling around under the bed and found a copy of a very naughty magazine — yes, you guessed it, a copy of Club!

As you can imagine, it wasn't long before I'd left my studies and got stuck into a bit of serious pussy fondling. It's not only you boys who like men's magazines, you know. I love looking at pictures of sexy girls getting their clothes off, waiting to be sucked or fucked by you men.

As I turned over the pages I soon came across the pictures of myself. It's a funny thing looking at pictures of me in your magazine — and getting turned on by them too! But I must admit they got me very horny and wet down below. I just hope my new pictures make you feel as naughty as I feel right now...

Lucy+

If you want LUCY to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF. If you'd like a signed photo, include a large stamped self-addressed envelope.





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LETTERS TO *Lucy*

Dear Lucy,

I'm a 23-year-old mechanic from Bristol and I'm writing to offer you a service. It would be completely free-of-charge, because the pleasure would be all mine – well, not *all* mine!

One of the blokes at work brought a copy of Club into the garage recently with you dressed as a nurse. It was lust at first sight and now we've got a whole collection of you in different outfits plastered all over the workshop.

Any time you're in the Bristol area we would be more than happy to extend you the kind of welcome you deserve! There are five hunky fellas here just waiting to oil your parts, jack you up and then rev your engine! – *Richie, Bristol*
You're on, lads! Next time I'm down your way and need my sprockets re-lubed, I'll be sure to let you know! – Lucy

Dear Lucy,

Christmas was a bit disappointing for me this year,

Lucy; even though I wrote off to Santa, you still failed to appear beneath my tree in your Christmas stockings!

Even though you didn't appear in the flesh, I still fantasised about you.

I'd just eaten my dinner and I dropped off to a light sleep, finding you standing there totally nude, dream-like, in a pair of black stockings with red tinsel and a black suspender belt. I dropped to my knees in front of you, running my hands up the back of your thighs and using my tongue to explore the triangle of black pubes between the belt and stockings. I gently parted your legs and ran my tongue between your pussy lips, eagerly lapping up your sweet juices.

Mmmm...

I'm not quite sure what happened next, but let's just say, my Christmas cracker went off with a bang and I woke to find the whole family staring at me! – *James, Lincoln*

Oooh, naughty, naughty, James! I'm glad I wasn't far from your thoughts over the festive season – but I have to say, I've never fancied myself as one of Santa's little helpers. After all, they only come once a year – and that would never do, would it?! – Lucy



A color photograph of a woman with short, wavy hair, wearing a light blue and red floral bikini. She is sitting on a bed with a matching floral patterned bedsheet. Her body is angled away from the camera, but she is looking back over her shoulder with a slight smile. Her hands are resting on her lower back. The lighting is soft, creating a warm, intimate atmosphere.

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music LEND US A TENOR...

In the past all a musician needed was a long-haired, beer-swilling roadie, says **James T. Bone**. So how come all these accountants muscled in?

Last month saw **George Michael** testifying at the High Court in London during his prolonged legal battle to free himself from his contract with Sony Records. Media attention was focused on the case after the judge ordered the singer to disclose his

earnings in court.

"It's quite embarrassing actually," confessed the ex-Wham star as he handed the magistrate a note with his earnings written down. With an amassed fortune of £80 million, the singer could easily afford to realise his threat of never recording again.

Stone Roses: One Love, one album and one almighty waste of money

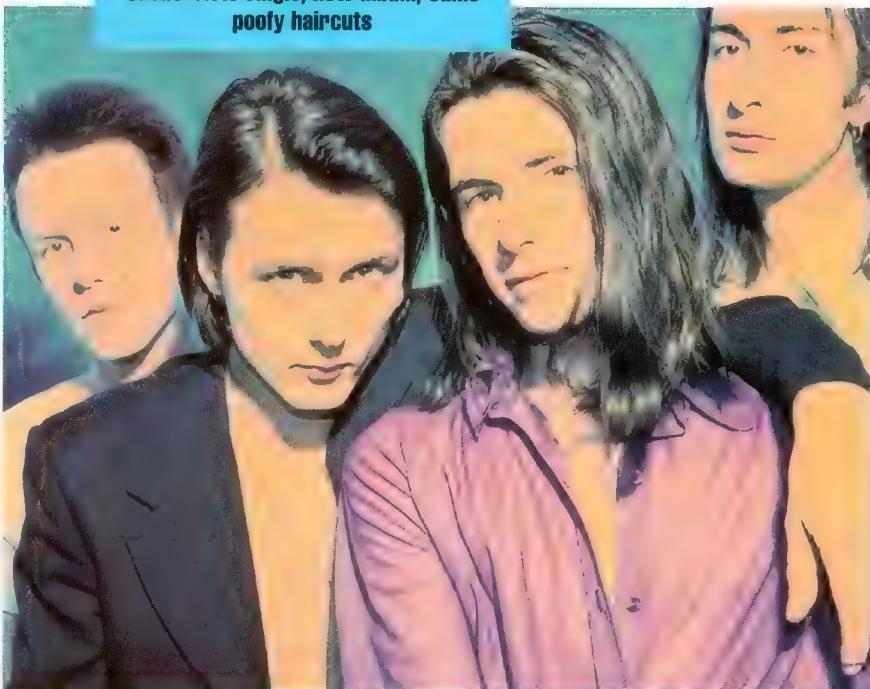


And he's certainly in good company...

A quick examination of the Forbes list of the world's wealthiest people reveals the all too familiar names of Paul McCartney, Elton John and Eric Clapton but also showed Irish supergroup U2 as joining the elite world of musical multi-millionaires. Singer Bobo was singing all the way to the bank

Ice Cube: Shooting from the lip?

Suede: New single, new album, same poofy haircuts



project starring an unknown Aussie stand-up comedian.

The 'unknown' comic was Paul Hogan and the film was *Crocodile Dundee* – the largest-grossing Antipodean feature film ever. "We ended up with 20 times as much cash as we invested to get rid of the tax problem," moaned Hutchence. Oh, poor lamb...

• Geffen Records have given **The Stone Roses** a final deadline to complete the recording of their new album, the follow-up to their eponymous debut album which was released nearly five years ago.

Not renowned for their prolific work rate, the band have been ensconced in a Welsh recording studio for over a year and their record company are understandably nervous about the £4 million, invested when they signed the band in 1991. With the artwork completed for their new album, it's hoped that the final product should see the light of day in May this year, with a Led Zeppelin influenced single, *Love Spreads*, released on St Valentine's Day...

• ... Which, incidentally, is the same day that **Suede**

with a personal fortune of £70 million, while guitarist The Hedge came away with slightly less at £50 million and bassist Adam Claypole brought up the rear with a cool £30million. Sadly, drummer Harry Mullen didn't get a look in on the list, but we're sure he could touch Bobo for a fiver when he feels the need...

• INXS singer, **Michael Hutchence**, recently revealed that at one point the band had so much money that they invested a hefty amount of cash as a tax loss in a small independent film

Betty Boo:
Homeless and hungry, please give what you can



release their new single, *Stay Together*. All eyes will be on the finest band to emerge from Hayes Heath to see if they can follow up their award-winning debut album that spawned four Top 40 singles.

● It may be a bit early in the year to be laying bets on 1994's finest albums, but a mention must surely go to the latest release from American rapper **Ice Cube**.

Lethal Injection, his fifth long player, is a heavy slab of P-funk-influenced rap that finds the ex-Niggas With Attitude frontman positively foaming at the mouth with fury. This man hasn't just got a chip on his shoulder, he's carrying a 200lb bag of King Edwards...

● Can you give a home to a pop star who's just found herself without a record

The Fall: Radio killed the indie stars



label after the annual post-Xmas cullings? We bet you can... Especially as the babe in question is none other than **Betty Boo**. Snatched up for £1.5 million a few years ago, Miss Boo is now looking for a new deal after being shown the door by the bigwigs at EMI. We'd like to take the opportunity to inform the singer that our door is always open.

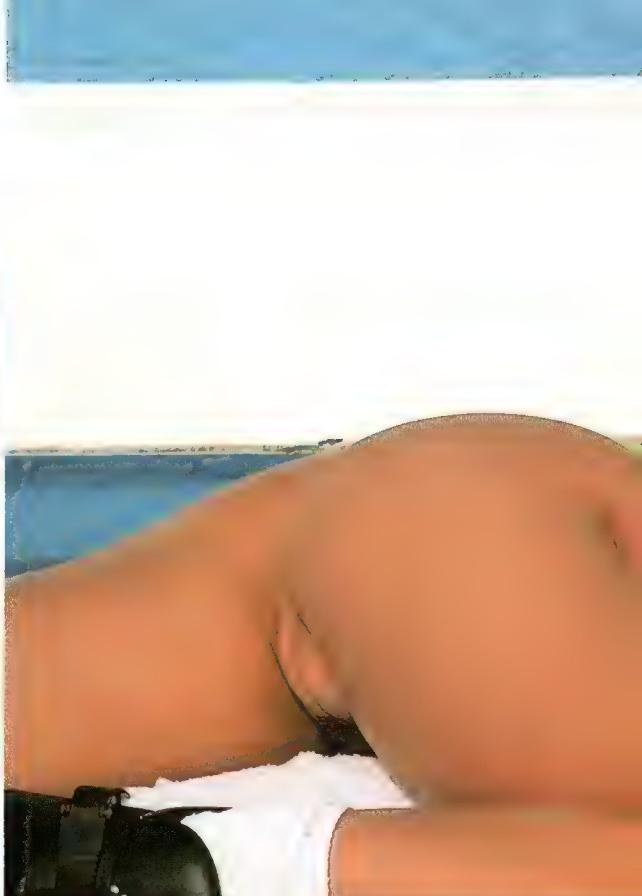
● Finally, after championing **The Fall** for ten years, John Peel was delighted to hear that his favourite band had been placed on the Radio 1 A playlist, guaranteeing their new single extensive airing on the nation's most popular radio network. The result? The single didn't even scrape into the Top 40... ♠



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It would be just too easy to say lots of naff things about sexy Sabrina 'getting her skates on', being a 'bootiful babe', or having a 'ball-bearing chin'. So we'll resist the temptation and just let her talk to you about her bladey sensational pussy.

"I shaved it just this morning," reveals 19-year-old student Sabrina. "I like to leave a







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little tuft of pubes just above my pussy and shave the rest completely bare."

And why's that?

"So that even when I bed a virgin he's got no excuse for not being able to find my clitty. Let's face it, the thing's staring him right in the tongue!"

Yes, we noticed, Sabrina...♣ .





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women PERIODICAL PAINS

Generations of girls are falling victim to a form of mental terrorism so sinister that it could signal the end of the male orgasm as we know it...

There can be few things more frightening for a man than to discover that his girlfriend is being brainwashed. Not the sort of brainwashing where they shine bright lights in her eyes and deprive her of sleep. No,

this form of brainwashing is infinitely more terrifying and, even more terrifying than terrifying, this form of brainwashing affects most girls over the age of eighteen and can be bought openly over the counter for about

two pounds.

Yes, guys, our women are at peril from the horrors of women's magazines!

For, despite their innocent appearance, hidden between those seductively glossy covers showing toothy girls with perfect skin, lies a sinister truth. Weed out the ideas about summer recipes, the top tips for lovely lip-gloss and handy hints on buying a head-scarf and you'll find a web of dangerous deceit. Take Martin, a Club reader from Southampton. Even after going out with Lynn for over four days he had no idea that she was so heavily influenced by



WIFE OF THE MONTH

Mrs John Barnes

Liverpool striker John Barnes may have spent last season off the pitch – and it's no wonder when you cop a load of his missus! We reckon she'd get the loudest cheer at Anfield on a Saturday and she'd have everyone to swap shirts with her at the end of the game!

Do you fancy a celebrity's wife? Why not drop us a line and we'll print a picture of her in her full glory. It could help her forget that's she's gonna spend her life overshadowed by her famous spouse. ♣

boozier-with-my-mates-on-a-Saturday-just-like-your-father man. In fact everything about me was just all WRONG!

"Horrified, I read the rest of the magazine from cover to cover. There were two pages of fashion — What to wear when you're having a multiple orgasm and Shoes to trample his ego in —

but almost the entire issue was devoted to the problem of how to squeeze every ounce of individuality and character from your man if you were still unenlightened enough to have one (or want one).

"As I lifted my right arse cheek to fart, it slowly dawned on me that if orgasms are God then man as we know him is not the altar, he's the graveyard. Dead and not worth digging up, women have moved on to a higher, man-free plane.

"As a rational, logical example of my species, I cracked open a tin of lager, belched loudly and tried to work it out. Most of the articles in the magazine were about sex; how to get it, how to get more of it, how to get over it. But the goals were so high. No wonder women are disappointed by men. They could hardly fail to be!"

"As far as I could gather, the bottom line is that while girls haven't actually got a



REPEAT PERFORMANCE

Just in case you were dead last month and missed this wonderful picture of Aussie soap star Melissa Bell in Club, here it is again in all its tits-falling-out-of-her-flimsy-little-top glory. God, what we'd do to be able to reach into the photograph and slowly pull at that bow that's holding her nannies in, eh! There's something about Melissa that makes us weak at the knees and firm at the trousers and we'd love to take this opportunity to invite Miss Bell to show us what she's really made of and pull that string herself, live in next month's issue.

Whaddya say, Melissa? Sounds like a good career move to us. Look what we did for Louise Hobkinson! ♣



women's magazines, spending up to ten pounds a day on her habit.

"I first began to notice that things weren't quite right when I came home unexpectedly and found Lynn curled up on the sofa with a mug of coffee and what appeared to be a fashion magazine. Not really taking much notice, I said a cheery 'hello' and then it started. It just came out of the blue, you know. Instead of an open-armed 'Welcome home darling. You must be exhausted. Fancy a

quick blow-job?', the moment she saw me she just snorted and waddled into the kitchen shouting, 'You might as well forget getting fucked forever, pal. I'm a woman, you know!'

"At first I just thought her moon was in Hormone, or she'd found out that I was sleeping with her mother, but I couldn't have been more wrong. So, wondering which sore spot I'd rubbed up the wrong way this time, I picked up the magazine Lynn had been reading. It was open at a spread entitled *Is your man a macho, male-chauvinist twat?*. Fascinated, I read on.

"By the time I'd got to the end of the piece even I hated me. It was clear that all that New Man, Renaissance Man, Bat Man bollocks that I'd been trying to get on board was absolutely wrong! I was even more wrong than I had been as the old, down-the-

clue what they do want, they just know it's not what they're getting. And that whatever they do get will be wrong, even if it's exactly what they want. The only thing they really know for certain is that they haven't got it and it's going to be a bloody, bitter fight to get it 'cos men don't want them to have it."

Luckily Martin quickly saw his girlfriend for what she was — a sad victim of women's magazines — and managed to save her with a year's subscription to Club International. You might not be as lucky, so we've compiled a list of tell-tale signs to discover whether your girlfriend is on the slippery slope...

The Ten Point Guide To Trouble

- She stops laughing at your dirty jokes
- She demands advance written warning of your sexual intentions
- She insists on having her solicitor check it over first
- She refuses to let you be on top during sex. Ever.
- She wants 15 orgasms even before you get up for work in the morning, but she leaves the room the moment you show any signs of coming
- She thinks coming together is "soooooo passé"
- She suggests that your performance would be heightened by the Dingleberry Manoeuvre — but refuses to tell you what it is and accuses you of not caring about her needs
- She expects you to hoover, hang out the washing and go down on her all at the same time and accuses you of turning her into a slave, even though you pay £300 a week for a team of cleaners to dust the house from top to bottom every day
- She expects *you* to wear the Femidom
- She expects you to find her clitoris even when you're blindfolded in a dark room with your hands tied behind your back

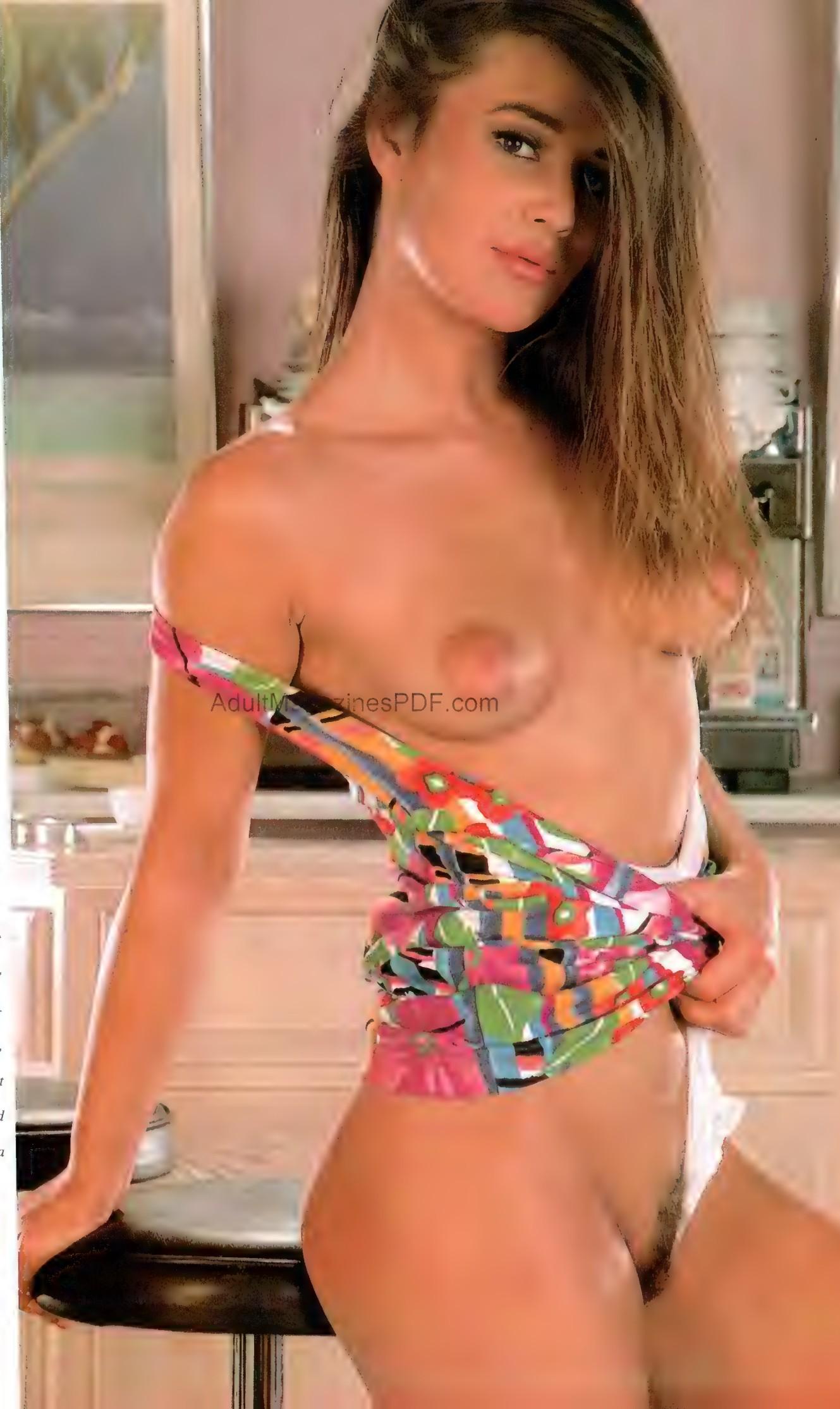
And they call us sexist!♣





*Fancy a nibble?
Then welcome to
Cafe a la Julie!
The brain-child of
21-year-old Julie
herself; it's open
all hours and the
service is always
first class...
"I've always
fancied myself in
the restaurant
trade," revealed
Julie. "I reckon
I've got what it
takes to be on the
menu: I'm mouth-
wateringly sweet,
just a little bit
naughty – and
after you've had a*

AdultM...zinesPDF.com



A photograph of a woman with long dark hair, wearing a colorful floral bikini, leaning over a black bar stool. She is in a kitchen setting, with a window showing a view of palm trees in the background. Her eyes are closed, and she appears to be in a relaxed or intimate pose.

AdultMagazinesPDF.com



*taste of me, you'd never want to try anything else! What do you
think, guys?"*

*To be honest, Julie, we think that sounds like the sort of comment
they come out with on Blind Date! You haven't got something to
tell us have you?*

*"What? About Blind Date? Yeah!" she laughed. "Cilla Black cer-
tainly wouldn't get served in my diner!" ♣*







OLYMPIC MEDDLE

Chill out with **Maurice Short** as he previews this year's Winter Olympics and gets all steamed up over Ice Maiden Katarina Witt...

The Winter Olympics pucks-off in Lillehammer, Norway on 12th February. If that news has you thinking, 'Fuck me, it seems like only two years since the last one', and trying to account for a missing 24 months of your life, then let me set your mind at rest. The time warp has nothing to do with a surfeit of mind-expanding drugs and fizzy lager, but more to do with the International Olympic Committee's decision to switch the Winter Games so that they don't

**Jamaican bobsleigh team:
Skanking on thin ice?**



occur in the same year as their summer equivalent. The result is that the sporting public have got an extra Winter Olympics. Which comes as bad news for people who hate polo-necked sweaters and good news to those of us who've always regarded the Olympic movement as being less about

sporting excellence than sporting eccentricity.

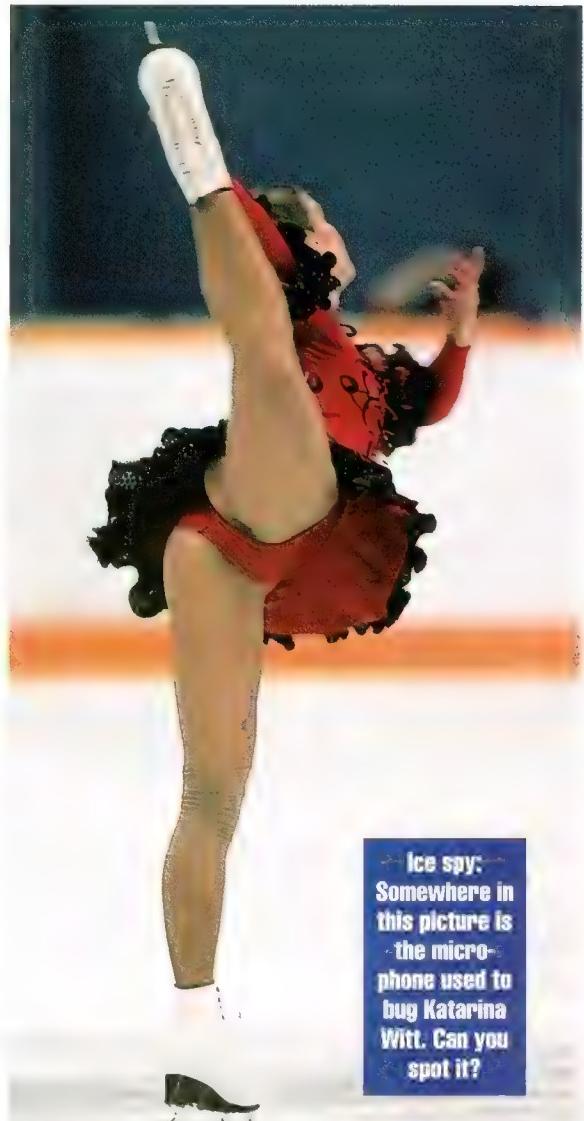
Sadly, the po-faced bureaucrats who run the Summer Games have succeeded in removing woeful performers such as Nick Vladivar, the vodka-sponsored sprinter from the Cayman Islands from their schedules by introducing spoil-sport measures such as qualifying times. The men and women in charge of the Winter Games, however, are made of less stern stuff. As a result, Lillehammer is sure to play host to athletes who proudly demonstrate the truth of the old schoolmas-

ting. My own particular favourites include the Jamaican bob-sleigh team who ignored the disadvantages of coming from a country with infinitely more blow than snow; fellow sled men, the Tames Perea brothers of Mexico, who got the money together for the Olympic bid by saving up the tips they got as waiters in Dallas and Harvey Hook of the Virgin Islands who became the oldest competitor in Olympic history when he raced down the luge at the tender age of 52. These are the kind of nutters the Winter Olympics encourages – and long may it do so!

Britain has a pretty poor record in the Winter Games, which is hardly surprising for a country that practically shuts down the minute Suzanne Charlton sticks a snowflake symbol on her weather chart. Nevertheless, we do have the odd success, including an ice-hockey Gold medal back in 1936, which gives us a better record than such ice-literate nations as Czechoslovakia and Sweden. Unhappily, though, most of our triumphs have come in ice-dance and other events involving slim-hipped, young men in frilly shirts and tight trousers.

Despite my usual contempt for any event that achieves a decision by having a panel of judges giving marks for 'artistic impression' (if this is so, why not give Olympic status to New Faces?), I will be tuning in to see the women's ice-skating, if only to see Katarina Witt. Witt is the Sharon Stone of ice-skating: she once entertained an audience in France by having a breast pop out of her costume during her performance. This prompted a French magazine to run the story under the headline 'Elle flirte

avec les juges', which translates as 'She flirts with the judges' – though a more earthy translation of 'judges' might have been more accurate. The controversial skater was the star athlete of the old East Germany, and it recently transpired that the Stasi, the



Ice spy:
Somewhere in
this picture is
the micro-
phone used to
bug Katarina
Witt. Can you
spot it?

as a serious sports writer, I deplore such sentiments. (But if one ever does turn up you can send it to me at the usual address. Purely in the interests of journalistic research, obviously.)

**Eddie 'The Emu'
Edwards: The
loser's loser
in pole
position...**

● Talking of records, there seemed to be one sporting record which was never likely to be broken, the one for the worst team scrap in history. A fracas between the players of Boca Juniors of Argentina and Sporting Crystal of Peru in 1971 set a standard so far out of sight of any previous effort that it made Bob Beaman's Mexico City jump look like a short hop by a schoolboy. Nineteen players in all were sent off that day and five of the Argentines were subsequently charged with grievous bodily harm. Now, however, it seems that the record may have tumbled to the flying fists of the American baseball players. On August 11th last year, the men of the

Atlantic Braves and San Diego Padres got so hot under the collar that they engaged in not one, but three mass brawls during the course of a steamy afternoon in Georgia. The punch-ups, which revolved around attempts by the pitchers of both sides to knock one another out, resulted in expulsions, the banning of substitutes from the dug-outs and the crowd getting so agitated that the Atlanta police chief put his entire squad on riot alert.

Afterwards, umpire John McSherry said, "It was the worst thing I've seen in my life. It was pathetic and has set baseball back fifty years".

Obviously baseball was a bloody sight more interesting fifty years ago than it is now.

If anyone can displace the Braves and Padres from the top of the scrap heap, then it has to be Scotland's footballers.

Traditionalists have doubtless been pleased to note that Rangers' £4 million man, Duncan Ferguson, has been adopting the old-fashioned Scots approach to off-the-field behaviour. Allegations of assault and

unruly incidents suggest that the Dundee beanpole is following in some giant footsteps. Perhaps one day he'll even join the Caledonian Rucking Hall Of Fame that already includes such great names as Charlie 'Champagne' Nicholas (ordered to pay personal damages after the legendary 'Ibiza Chip Theft Incident'), ex-Manchester United manager Tommy Docherty (described by Raith Rovers manager, Jimmy Nichol, as a man, "who could start a row in an empty house") and 'The Copenhagen Five' (a group of Scottish internationals whose drunken behaviour one night in Denmark – including drenching a barmaid in Bacardi and threatening to punch a police officer – earned them all a lifetime ban from international football).

Interestingly enough, one of the five men was Billy Bremner, a man who later called for punitive measures against football hooligans, or the 'moronic mob' as he called them.

For some reason the word 'hypocrite' suddenly springs to mind. ♠

Duncan Ferguson: The unacceptable face of Scottish football



It's time to welcome back Britain's most caring pop star, 'The Twat in the Hat', Jamiroquai, to shine the fiery torch of intelligence on your problems...

Dear Jamiroquai,
My boyfriend Kevin and I have been going steady for about 23 years now and have recently decided to embark on a full and satisfying sexual relationship together. We are both novices in the bedroom department and are not quite sure about some of the terminology. For example, do we need two other people to join us if we engage in foreplay, and is a five-stone golden retriever big enough for a heavy petting session? Also, do oral contraceptives only stop you from getting pregnant from oral sex? I hope you can help...
Daphne, Bournemouth

Jamiroquai replies: Yeah! Alright, Daphne! Let it all hang out, babe. I think you'll find what you're looking for on my track 'Weeping Of The Acid Rain Rumanian Whale Baby'. And it goes something like this: "Oooowah-wah-wah-wah-binkyskid-dlyrinky, yeah, my-oh-my! If all earth people lived like the wombat, man/We'd work together harvesting our planet's yield, brother, brother/Yeah then there would be no need for mortal combat, woo/And no one would say I'm ripping my sound off from Curtis Mayfield, no no no". I guess you might wonder what that has to do with your problem, Daphne. Well, hey, we're all leaves on the bush of life, right? And when someone shakes the stem, then all our nuts are likely to drop, dig?

Dear Jamiroquai,
My wife and I are currently redecorating our bathroom and are unable to decide whether we should opt for 'blush' woodwork, 'peachglow' walls and an 'apricot sunrise' bathroom suite, or just stick with the overall 'monkeyshit' brown effect we have at the moment. You seem to be a man with forthright and radical opinions on most things, so what do you reckon?
Bob, Upton

Jamiroquai replies: Nice one, Bob, man! Yeah, wow! Like a wise man once said, the colour rectum is like nature's palate box for tie-

dying the environment with. And I think I know where the dude was coming from, y'know. Cos I kinda said in a track on my last album: "Howee, weeweee. Wee. Wee. You are the great white mother tortoise/Healing green, mending all diversions/I am the wild blue singing porpoise/Playing out-takes from Innervisions. Wee. Wee. Me. Me. Me!" Which is sort of like, pow! Answers your questions in a really kind of mantric aura sorta way, y'know?!

Dear Jamiroquai,
Are you a twat, or what?
Nozzer, Millwall

Jamiroquai replies: Phew, wow! You hip cats and groovy chicks just keep laying the big ones on me, doncha? Am I a twat, am I a gnat, am I a rat? Yeah, I guess I'm all those things. Because, y'know, I think it's kinda uncool thing to limit yourself to just being a human, y'know? We

gotta broaden our experience if we're gonna save this old planet, y'see? Like I said on my last super-hit single:
"Awahwahboople dodo. I'd put up with a great big ugly goitre/To have a soul right through to my core, hoohoo/I wish that I'd been born a black Detroiter/Instead of just some wimpy cockney/Who sounds like his bollocks are trapped in a drawer/Abee bowbiddle biddle bop!"

Y'know the world is like the precious dew on the petals of a desert flower, Nozzer. Sit on it and it's gone! Catcha later, dudes... ♠

UNPOPULIST

Ten things your Mum says that send you screaming to the pub...

1. "You're not going out dressed like that."
2. "Don't worry – you'll grow into them."
3. "Wait till your father hears about this!"
4. "We'll see..."
5. "You don't deserve nice things if you can't look after them."
6. "So, when are we going to meet her?"
7. "You were so sweet as a child."
8. "But you always used to like squishy bananas..."
9. "What time do you call this, young-fella-me-lad?"
10. "And what were these doing in your pocket?" ♠



Photographs by Denys DeFrancesco

b a r b a r a

*Blonde, booby and beautiful –
that's the only way to describe
our Barbara, the hairdresser
from Kenilworth. Last seen in
Vol 22 No 8, the sexy six-footer
caused something of a stir,
sending you lot completely ga-
ga and blocking up our post-
box with fawning fan letters.*

*"Loads of you wrote in to
say how much you loved my
long, blonde hair," reveals
Barbara excitedly. "Some of*





you even wanted a lock of it too!"

A quick turn of the head and a swish of the golden tresses, and the attraction is clear to see. "Long hair is very sexy," purrs Barbara, running her hand through her silk locks.

"I love stepping out of the shower with my fella, wrapping my wet hair right around his stiff shaft and then wanking him off till he spurts his load all over my hair! A case of wash and come, I think!" ♪







A photograph of two women lying in bed. One woman is in the foreground, looking directly at the camera with her head resting on her hand. She has blonde hair and is wearing a white lace-trimmed garment. The other woman is in the background, also looking at the camera. She has blonde hair and is wearing a white lace-trimmed garment.

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IS SHE A PSYCHO?

From Fatal Attraction to Basic Instinct, sometimes it seems that every gorgeous girl is a homicidal, ice-pick wielding murderer. But is yours...?

1) What is she wearing?

- a) Fluffy bri-nylon cardigan, polyester slacks, woollen duffel coat, wellington boots, thick glasses, sturdy bra.
- b) Peruvian pullover, orange leggings, multi-coloured shoes, massive red earrings, visible panty line.
- c) Powder blue skin-tight cashmere sweater, mini-skirt, black silk stockings, high-heeled crocodile-skin shoes, no knickers.

2) What does she look like?

- a) Lank hair, spots, lardy skin, four-stone overweight, bits of spinach stuck to her teeth.
- b) Do-it-yourself hairstyle, no make-up, red cheeks, muscular forearms, veggie breath.
- c) Fucking gorgeous! Platinum blonde hair, pouting lips, breasts like pome-

granates, nipples you could hang your hat on and legs that just don't stop. Wow!

3) What is her means of transport?

- a) Bus pass.
- b) 2CV and bicycle.
- c) Ferrari, private jet, stretch limo.

4) What's her favourite food?

- a) Pot Noodles, Munchmallows, Cup-a-Soup.
- b) Brown rice with a whole-wheat yoghurt and bean sprout dressing.
- c) Oysters, caviar, boiled rabbit.

5) What sort of thing does she do for a living?

- a) Clerical worker in a tax office, bank clerk, DSS

claims processor.

- b) Personal growth therapist, potter, shamanistic healer.
- c) Best selling author, brilliant modern artist, millionairess.

6) What are her favourite hobbies?

- a) Knitting egg-cosies, babysitting, collecting Barry Manilow posters.
- b) Playing folk tunes on a range of traditional instruments, working at the hedgehog sanctuary, meditation.
- c) Kinky sex.

7) What does she think of you?

- a) You're nice, quite sweet really and your career prospects mean you will make someone a good husband.

- b) You're unreconstructed, uncentred, and out-of-touch with your feminine side.
- c) You're the sort of man who should be handcuffed to the bed and fucked senseless for three days.

8) What is her idea of an intimate moment?

- a) Showing you pictures of her little ginger-



haired nephew, Jason.

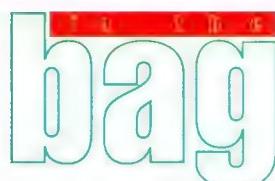
- b) Sitting in a Navaho steam tent and letting out your primal screams together.
- c) Giving you a blow-job in a glass elevator.

9) Why did she split up with her last boyfriend?

- a) He kept going on about 'it', you know S-E-X.
- b) His yin and yang were totally out of balance.
- c) She didn't. He split up on her. Into 35 separate pieces. They never caught the person responsible.

10) Where does she live?

- a) The suburbs.
- b) The country.
- c) Mustique, the Seychelles, Malibu, Mayfair and Saint Moritz.



continued from page 5

cunt glistening with juices. I seized my chance and moved behind her and slowly eased my twitching cock inside her warm hole. Her head reared back, her long hair plastered to her face as I pumped into her for all I was worth. Gripping onto her hips and leaning back, I could watch my cock slipping inside her tight cunt with every stroke, while the two girls kissed, licked and sucked each other right in front of me.

Just then I felt Fiona reach back and draw my cock out of her cunt and shift herself forward. This left Gina's cunt exposed, and as she held open her pussy lips for me, I pushed my cock inside her and really went for it. I knew I wouldn't be able to

last long – not with two girls like this involved – so when Fiona reached over and grabbed a cold Budweiser from the table and poured it all over the three of us, that was it! It was like putting a match to the blue touch paper, all three of us came within seconds of each other and then collapsed in a pile together.

Luckily, it was just a short crawl to the bed for us when we got our breath back, but the fun and games didn't stop there and continued well into the next day. Fiona was pretty happy with the whole thing and reckons it was the best birthday she's ever had – I couldn't agree more! – Peter, London

OFFICE ANTICS

I've always enjoyed reading the naughty confessions and sexy stories in Club; the raunchy experiences of your readers are a real eye-opener, but I never thought that I'd be writing in with my own story until last week...

I work as a senior manager

in a computer firm and my office is located at the end of the second floor in a three-storey building. The connecting rooms are all partitioned off and although there is no direct access between offices, the thin walls allow a fair amount of noise to pass through them.

The office immediately to my right is occupied by Angela, a very attractive 21-year-old redhead who works three days a week as a part-time researcher. She dresses very casually, and has a particular penchant for sleek silk trousers and figure-hugging tee-shirts. Sometimes, walking in the corridor behind her, I can see her panties outlined through the thin fabric and I often fantasise about fondling her curvy buttocks and kissing my way up her smooth thighs.

Occasionally, when we're very busy or working late, Angela will bring in her assistant, Julia. She's a stunning six-footer with close cropped hair, a superbly defined figure and the most

mouthwatering pair of breasts I've ever set eyes on.

Anyhow, I was sat at my computer last Friday night with the desk lamp on reading through a few reports, when I heard Angela's phone ring next door. "Hi, Julia!" shrieked Angela excitedly. "Now? Sounds very nice. Here? Okay, c'mon up."

A few minutes later I



I know we say one for and all for one, but this is bloody ridiculous!



11) What is her home like?

- a) The inside of a pink fluffy toy that's been soaked overnight.
- b) Brown.
- c) Sparkling, sleek steel and glass apartment, with white beechwood floors and a stunning view out across the city.

12) Round at her place for dinner you confess to also

ing from the next room. Standing, I realised I might just be able to see through the small window at one end of the wall. I looked through and saw the view was obscured by an art print on the other side. However, one corner was curled up slightly and allowed me to see her desk. I tiptoed back to my desk, turned off the desk lamp and stepped closer...

Julia was seated on the edge of Angela's desk, her blouse unbuttoned and her legs spread wide with her skirt hitched up to reveal white lace panties and dark stockings. Angela was sitting in her chair between Julia's legs and her hands were gently caressing and fondling Julia's breasts. As I watched, Angela leaned forward and started kissing the lacy cups of Julia's bra, eagerly nibbling at her nipples. I couldn't believe what I was seeing! A minute ago I had been reading a boring report, but now my heart was

going out with someone else. How does she react?

- a) Bursts into tears and burns the alphabet spaghetti.
- b) Offers to bake your new girlfriend a loaf of prune bread as a celebration of the sharingness of their sisterhood.
- c) Asks if she'd be interested in a raunchy threesome in the hot-tub, then goes into the kitchen and starts sharpening a meat cleaver.

13) When you're not with her, what reminds you of her?

- a) The sight of Mr Blobby.
- b) The smell of stewed parsnips.
- c) The lipstick stains on your dick.

14) When she calls you on the phone, how does she greet you?

- a) Hiya, Mr Willy Weasal, it's cuddly-wuddle bunny-pops calling!
- b) Oh wow, I'm totally phased. A voice without a face is like a whale without the sea.
- c) I'm hot, I'm naked, talk dirty to me till I come.

15) What does she find erotic?

- a) People who say one thing one minute and totally the opposite two minutes later. And some people drive erotically too, especially if they've had a drink.
- b) Gardening. It's sort of a female fertility/earth mother kind of thing. Men couldn't possibly understand it.
- c) You.

16) What type of people does she most dislike?

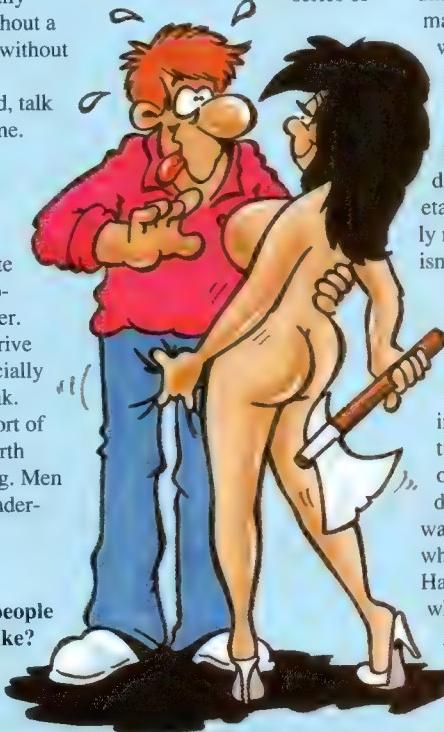
- a) Men who use rude words even though there are

ladies present.

- b) People who don't understand the need to recycle our toilet paper.
- c) Forensic scientists.

17) What's her favourite thing on TV?

- a) *Noel's House Party, Hearts of Gold, Barrymore.*
- b) Doesn't own a TV. She feels its influence has destroyed our indigenous folk culture. Prefers to make her own entertainment with a series of



- interactive Japanese mime plays.
- c) The video she took of you and her having sex.

18) What does she like to listen to when driving the car?

- a) Steve Wright.
- b) Woman's Hour.
- c) She made a cassette of it as well.

Answers

Mostly A's: Unattractive, unsexy, boring and keen on marriage and children. This woman is definitely not a psycho. But it's probably best to avoid to avoid her in any case.

Mostly B's: Badly dressed, smelling of vegetables and with some totally nutty ideas. This chick isn't a psycho either.

However, she is a New Age hippy which is almost as bad.

Mostly C's: Rich, irresistible, sexually demanding and erotically adventurous. This bird is obviously very dangerous. One date with her and you'll wake up with an ice-pick where your dick should be. Have nothing to do with her whatsoever (but if you've got her phone number would you mind giving it to us, please?).♣

DEAR CHARLOTTE,

I had to pinch myself when I saw you on the cover and in the centre pages of the latest issue of Club (Vol 22 No 13). You looked absolutely ravishing and immediately set my mind racing, so I thought I'd write in and tell you of my naughty fantasy...

I'm out at a nightclub and I notice you standing alone at the bar. You're dressed in a black, skintight catsuit and your long brown hair is tied up on top of your head. I can't help but stare - and you soon notice. You walk towards me and introduce yourself, before adding casually, "It's pretty obvious you want to fuck me... come with me." I'm completely speechless, but you simply take me by the hand and lead me into the ladies' toilets.

You pull me into an empty cubicle, then slowly ease off your catsuit to reveal a body that is simply stunning. You sit down on the toilet seat, then pull me close and our lips meet. Our tongues wildly explore each other's mouth and I run my hands over your breasts, feeling your nipples hardening under my fingertips. I kiss my way down over your stomach until I reach your pussy, then I spread your legs wide and vigorously work my tongue inside your love hole.

"I want

you to fuck me," you purr sexily, bending over the seat and sticking your pert bum high in the air. I grip your hips and slowly ease my cock inside your tight

cunt and start fucking you with relish until we both come together!

Then it would be back to my place for a repeat performance in more comfortable surroundings

- now that's what I'd call a good night out! - Pete, Wrexham

You're certainly right there, Pete! Nothing gets me hotter quicker than an expert tongue stroking my pussy until I come. When I've had that first climax, though, I just can't stop and you'd better be ready for a long night of frantic sucking and fucking! There's only one thing that really satisfies me - and that's feeling a hard cock pounding away like crazy in my pussy! - Charlotte ♣





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Feline horny? Then just wait until Vanessa gets her claws into you! The 22-year-old cat lover from Brighton shares her house with three of woman's best friends – and loves nothing more than getting her own tummy rubbed. Sounds interesting...

"I can easily spend a whole night cuddled up in front of the fire and being gently stroked," reveals

Photographs by Harry Linden

vanessa



AdultMagazinesPDF.com



Vanessa, licking her lips at the mere mention. "I love being pampered more than anything else: a massage first, then kissed from head-to-toe... the whole works!"

And to follow...?

"Well, ten out of ten guys who get that far will have definitely expressed in an interest in my pussy!" ♠



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A close-up, top-down photograph of a nude woman lying on her stomach on a bed. She has long, dark hair and is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. Her skin is smooth and tanned. The bedsheet beneath her is patterned with blue and white designs, including a prominent butterfly motif. The lighting is soft, highlighting the contours of her back and legs.

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v a n e s s a

club



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Now here's a man with real skid marks on his shreddies! Jeff Weinke (pronounced like 'wanker' with an Australian accent) is an unbalanced Hollywood stuntman who scrapes a living by crashing his bike on its side. But first he covers the ground with petrol so his boxers burst into flames! Great balls of fire!

This stupid Weinke then slides along the scorching tarmac at 40 mph before grinding to a halt, his biker jacket having turned into a blazer! His burn-up ends with two firemen hosing him down, and Jeff emerges totally unscathed.

Of course, a far better way to emerge totally unscathed is not to do it in the first place but when you have a burning ambition like Jeff's you just have to put yourself out now and again. ♣

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OUCH!



AutumMagazines.COM



*There's only one
Lori we wouldn't
mind being run over
by, and that's our
tousle-haired tease
from Tennessee with
the bottom from
Heaven! Oh, to
spend an hour
greasing her axle
and fondling her big
end! (Oh, get the
fuck on with it! –*

The Ed.)

*Sorry about that,
Lori; but when you
told us that your
favourite thing in the*





AdultMagazinesPDF.com





whole world was to be bent forwards and shafted like a steamhammer from behind, it kind of turned all our minds to lime jelly.

"Mmm, jelly?" purrs the 23-year-old lasciviously. "That reminds me of my second favourite thing in the whole world..."

Stop her! Stop her, someone, before it's too late! ♠



STORY: TIM QUINN
ART: PETER PERVERS
STUART FARQHAR
AND DICKIE DEE.
LETTERS: JANET.

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WORLD'S FIRST SEXUAL
MARATHON RACE...

WE'RE
SUPPOSED TO
BE COMPETING
AGAINST EACH
OTHER IN THE
RACE, VIRGINIA...

...BUT
THERE'S NOTHING
IN THE RULES TO
SAY WE CAN'T HAVE
SOME FUN ON THE
WAY!

AdultMagazinesPUE.com

YOUR
PUBIC HAIR
IS SO SOFT,
SEXBOMB,
BUT...

THAT'D
BE
NICE...

YOUR
CLIT'S SO
FIRM AND
TASTES SO
SWEET...

YOURS
IS MUCH BIGGER
THAN MINE THOUGH
... SO WARM AND PINK
AND DAMP AND SO
ERECT!

I'D
LOVE TO SHAVE
YOUR PUBES TO
SEE EVERY FOLD
OF YOUR
VAGINA...

AND NOW
DOWN TO BUSINESS!
FOR THE WORLD'S FIRST
SEXUAL MARATHON WE
HAVE TO RACE AROUND
THE EARTH, FUCKING
EACH COUNTRY'S HOTTEST
MEN AND WOMEN!



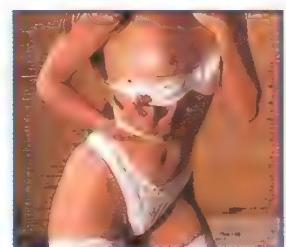


talkin'

blue



This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...



WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

RING MY BELL!

My name is Denise and I work for a well known cosmetics company. My job involves a lot of door-to-door sales work and while you might think that sounds pretty boring, I can tell you nothing could be further from the truth!

All the stories you hear about bored suburban housewives may sound like complete fiction, but I can assure you that they're true! I'm often invited in for a cup of coffee and a chat – and occasionally I get a little more than that!

I'll never forget my first experience. Jackie was 19-years-old, single and blessed with a gorgeous figure, crowned by the most fantastic pair of tits I've ever seen. The second I saw her I began wondering what it would be like to make love to her and I'm glad to say that it didn't take me too long to find out!

We chatted amiably as I showed her the various products I had for sale. She was getting quite outrageous suggesting that some of the deodorants and hairspray tins looked like dildos! I pretended to be shocked by her suggestions, but inside I was getting incredibly turned on by her naughty behaviour. By the end of the afternoon we were in bed together, making passionate love. Her breasts were made to be caressed and sucked, and her pussy was so wet that I spent hours licking up her sticky juices and pleasuring her cunt. Well, what was a poor girl to do? Needless to say, I sold quite a few things to Jackie that day!

However, my most exciting sexual experience happened only last week when I knocked on a door and was greeted by a young man dressed in jogging pants and a vest. The pants left very little to the imagination and there looked to be a major league dick in there just waiting to get out!

I managed to get myself invited into the house on the pretence that Alan might be interested in buying some cosmetics for a lady friend. It didn't take a genius to work out that Alan was more

than interested but not in buying make-up – maybe my short skirt, shapely legs and long, blonde hair had something to do with it! I suggested to him that he might get a better idea of what the stuff looked like if I gave myself a full make-over, so I nipped up to the bathroom, put on the brightest lipstick and blusher I could find and



I felt his hot, sticky come shooting deep into my cunt

waltzed back downstairs without a stitch on! "What do you think?" I asked, grinning cheekily as I saw Alan's jaw drop to the floor.

"Err, I think you'd better come with me," he replied, leading me upstairs to the bedroom. He sat me on the edge of the bed, then dropped to his knees and I guided his head gently between my legs. I parted my thighs slightly so that he

could penetrate me better with his tongue and I gasped as I felt his hot breath on my fleshy cunt lips.

I could feel my orgasm building as soon as his tongue met my aching clitty, so I pulled his head away from my pussy and lay down on the bed; spreading my legs wide and inviting him to fuck me good and proper. Dropping his pants and pulling his vest over his head, Alan revealed a body that was very impressive and he began to nudge at my

labia with his thick cock.

When he finally entered me, I let out a moan of delight which really seemed to turn him on because he started to pound away vigorously. I'm a very noisy lover, so the harder he started to thrust, the more I screamed and shouted! I gripped onto the side of the bed while Alan worked harder and harder towards his orgasm. When he finally exploded inside me I felt his hot, sticky come shooting deep into my cunt, giving me that special feeling of warmth all over.

But Alan wasn't quite finished... The moment he pulled out of me, he offered me his cock to suck. Now I love giving head, so I took his full length into my mouth and lapped at the juices that covered his shiny bell-end. I



was incredibly turned on as I tasted my own juices all the way down to the base of his shaft and I deep-throated him until his hips bucked furiously and he came again. I couldn't believe how Alan could manage to work himself up again in such a short space of time, but I certainly wasn't complaining!

While Alan recovered from his exertions, I decided I'd give him a little show – something I know most men love! I parted my legs, then slowly slid two fingers deep inside my pussy and began to wank myself off right in front of him. I have to say that his face was a pretty picture; although my own expression was probably quite interesting too as I worked myself up to a fantastic climax! The rush I felt was incredible and Alan couldn't resist letting his hand stray to his cock and have a good pull himself!

As you might imagine, there weren't any more house-calls that day! Alan and I spent the entire afternoon engaged in frantic shagging and when I finally left his house at six o'clock, I was so exhausted that I went straight home to bed!

I still make the odd house-call on Alan whenever I'm in the area, and he's always glad to see me. Hardly surprising, really – we always find something to keep us amused during the afternoon. And let me tell you, we've found some very interesting uses for a few of the products, if you know what I mean! – *Denise, Leeds*

COUNT TO THREE!

I've got something of a fetish that I'd like to tell your readers about. I'm very sexually experienced, but I've found that I can't get off unless I'm making

love with two men at once. It's just the way I am and I make no apologies for it. I suppose you could call me liberated, but I don't really see it that way. I guess it's just that if I don't get what I want in bed, then I do something about it!

My name is Anne, I'm 21-years-old and the first time I ever experienced a threesome was when I was just eighteen and at university. Mike was the same age as I was and we'd been seeing each other since our first week there. I have to admit that he was pretty good in the sack; very energetic and full of ideas on how to make sex as exciting as possible. He was obviously very experienced for his age and he knew exactly what to do with his generous tool. Fucking me hard from behind and letting me ride him on top were favourite positions of ours. He was, in



short, a bloody good fuck. But I always felt that there was something missing, something not quite right. I found out what it was the night we went out with his mate, John.

We'd been in the university bar until closing time and we'd had a good evening, knocking back a few bottles of wine and chatting away, our conversations getting more and more lewd as the evening progressed. By the time we got back to my room for coffee, I could already feel that special tingle of anticipation in my pussy that meant I wanted some good, hard cock – and sooner rather than later!

I can't actually remember how I managed to raise the subject, but I steered the

conversation towards group sex and threesomes, then revealed how much I fancied the idea. Mike and John looked at each knowingly and then nodded. "Well, we're game if you are," said John cheekily.

I didn't need any more encouragement, and calmly slipped out of my skirt and top and laid back on the bed; casually fingering my wet cunt. "C'mon lads," I urged, "don't be shy – take off your clothes!" Both of them undressed quickly, then John gently parted my thighs and slid his rigid tool inside my tight cunt, while Mike offered his prick to my willing lips. The feeling of having two solid dicks inside me was wonderful, and I worked intently on the swollen shaft in my mouth until Mike jerked his hips and poured a thick wad of spunk down my throat. John continued to work away at my hole, building up a hard rhythm and pushing his length deep inside me. It was heaven!

From that moment on I've been on the lookout for any opportunity for a threesome and, as you can imagine, I haven't had too much trouble finding it.

One of the finest sessions I ever had was during a camp-



Mike jerked his hips and poured a thick wad of spunk down my throat

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ing holiday in France last year. It was the summer break from university and I decided that I wanted to get away from it all on my own. I hitched down to the south of France, pitching my tent on a beautiful camp-site right on the coast. Within a couple of days I had met Pierre and Georges, two young lads who were working in a bar on the beach.

After a very pleasant evening there, I suggested that the three of us walk back along the seafront to the camp-site. It was about two in the morning and the sands were completely deserted. After walking for a while, we stopped for a

teased my cunt lips as he eased his length inside me soon had me screaming with pleasure. "Fuck me now," I begged. He thrust his hips forward and I gasped loudly as I felt his prick fill me.

Georges then moved his twitching cock up to my mouth and I worked the tip of my wet tongue around the bulbous head, tasting that lovely, salty warmth.

Meanwhile Pierre increased the pace, then groaned loudly as he emptied his substantial wad inside me. After that, I suggested that the two of them reversed their positions as a grand finale to our erotic encounter and I got my sec-

I worked my tongue around his cock head, tasting the salty warmth

breather. It didn't take long before the fun started!

Without uttering a word, I quickly peeled off my tee-shirt and shorts and stood there completely naked.

Georges was first off the mark; his lips moving to meet my nipples as he started greedily sucking on them. Pierre got to work on me too; kissing his way up the insides of my thighs, then darting his tongue in and out of my pussy and sucking on my clit. I felt so turned on and horny that I begged one of them to fuck me right there and then!

Pierre's dick was lovely and firm and the way he

ond helping of two guys at once.

The night didn't end there though, the three of us ended up back at the campsite squeezed inside my tent where we continued with our frolics. When the tent manufacturers said it was 'two-man', I don't think they expected anyone to take them at their word!

I have to admit that I'm obsessed by threesomes now and wouldn't turn down any opportunity! My next quest is to find two girls to have a session with, so if there are any interested parties out there, then just let me know!

— Anne, Swansea



HOLIDAY BLUES

Playing away from home

TICKET TO RIDE!

My name is Angela and I work as a cab driver in London. Not the black cabs, though – I drive my own private car. You may think that it's a dangerous job – especially when you're a dark-haired 23-year-old with tits that are as big as pillows, but I've never had any trouble at all. Even when the punters are a bit pissed, they've always behaved themselves. I'd

journey of about forty minutes. They had barely got in the cab before they were tonguing each other for all they were worth, which I have to say was quite a turn-on! Through my rear-view mirror, I was getting a pretty good view of the girl's bum as her short skirt rode up her bronzed thighs when she put her arm around her boyfriend and kissed him passionately. I tried hard to see, tilting it so that I could



have to say that the best thing about the job is working nights. Why? Because when you work nights, you get to take loads of horny blokes and girls home and let's just say that it pushes the door of opportunity that little bit further open!

The first time that anything exciting happened was about six months ago. I picked up a couple at two in the morning outside a club in South London to drive them across town to North London, a

get a better view of the expert frigging he was giving her; her moans filling the cab as she started to work herself to a climax. I felt like playing with myself right there, but felt that I really ought to say something. "Do you mind?" I managed to stammer, half-embarrassed and half-titillated.

"Not if you don't," replied the girl as quick as a flash, staring at me in the mirror and winking. She was very attractive, with long black

hair, full lips and a set of tits that matched my own mountainous creations. Did I mind? Did I hell!

"Well at least if you're going to get down to business in the back there, you could put on a proper show for me too. You're making me very horny!" The two of them – evidently exhibitionists – didn't need more of an invitation. The girl pulled down her top to reveal a gorgeous pair of firm tits, the nipples protruding like cherries on a cake, grabbed her boyfriend's head and drew it down to start work on her pussy.

I was so turned on that I was hardly able to concentrate on my driving while thoughts raced around my head about what this couple were like. Not only were they having sex in front of

I could feel my juices flowing as she ate my cunt

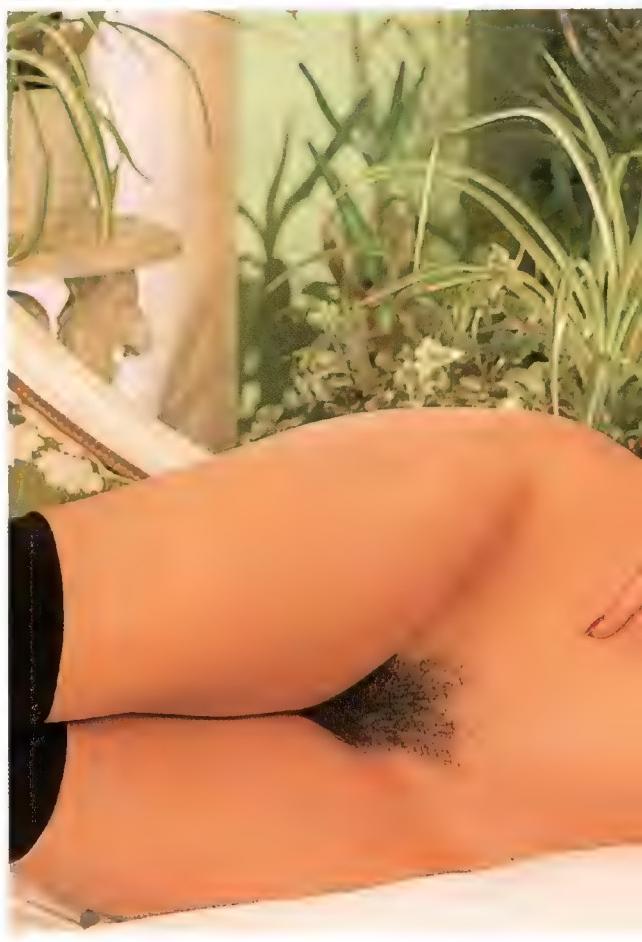
me, but the fact that all the other drivers could be staring at them from outside only seemed to heighten their ardour.

Next thing I knew, the girl pulled her boyfriend's zip down and was holding his thick tool between her fingers. She started vigorously wanking him, tugging at his foreskin with long, deliberate strokes and exposing his shiny bell-end. She was obviously getting just as much of a thrill from it as he evidently was; her hand soon quickened to a blur, but before a climax was reached we arrived at their flat. I felt so horny and turned on, I could barely speak.

"I'll let you off the fare because you entertained me so much," I stammered.

The girl giggled loudly, before replying, "Maybe we could entertain you some more. Why don't you come in?" I wasn't going to turn down an opportunity like that, so I switched the radio off and followed the couple into the house.

I sat down in the kitchen while the fellas, Andy, made the introductions and fixed us all a Jack Daniels. I told Gina that I'd been really turned on by what I'd seen in





the back of my cab and that I couldn't believe how uninhibited they were.

"You ain't see nothing yet," she drawled, pulling me to my feet from the chair and kissing me. I slipped my tongue inside her mouth and probed her, enjoying the taste of this other woman. Andy walked back into the room and grinned wildly when he was greeted by the sight of his girlfriend in a

steamy clinch with me.

"Let's do some entertaining," I suggested, and pulled down the tracksuit trousers I was wearing, kicking off my pumps so that my bare legs were exposed. I've got nice, trim legs – even if I say so myself! – and they look even better when they're crowned off with a pair of sheer knickers with a moist patch around the gusset. I eased them down around my

ankles and then laid back against the kitchen table with my legs open, giving the clear message that I was ready to have my pussy eaten. Gina had slipped her dress and underwear off and was naked except for her high-heeled evening shoes. Then she quickly dropped to her knees and buried her tongue deep into my hole, greedily lapping and sucking at my clitty.

I felt the first hot flush of orgasm creep through my body and shut my eyes to

I dropped to my knees and sucked his cock

savour the moment. Gina's hot breath on my mound felt unbelievable, and I could feel my juices flowing as she ate my cunt. I ran my hands over my nipples, and I couldn't quite believe how hard and big they felt – I was incredibly turned on. I wasn't the only one, judging by the way Andy was staring at the scenario that was unfolding in front of him.

I think it was probably the fact that I had an audience watching me that finally brought me to orgasm. And what an orgasm! My knees went weak as the sheer force of it flowed through me and my juices poured from

my cunt. It was sheer heaven! What I really needed now was some stiff cock – and I knew just the place to get it!

I turned over and pointed my bum up in the air. I love being fucked doggy-style and was desperate to feel Andy's dick sliding inside my cunt. After all, it was well juiced up after Gina's welcome ministrations.

Andy stood up, his present for me already becoming visible as he slid his trousers and boxers off and entered

too much to take...

I was getting fucked from behind and watching a gorgeous girl wanking herself in front of me. Andy was pumping pretty furiously by now, his strokes lengthening as he pounded deeper into my hole. I was fast approaching another orgasm and started to bite down on my lip with the pleasure of it all. I was looking forward to Andy delivering his spunk deep inside me, but at the last minute he pulled his cock out and came all over my bum. I have to admit this was not an unpleasant experience, especially when Gina pulled her fingers out of her cunt and started to work the come into my cheeks.

The air was heavy with the smell of sex and nobody was ready to quit – certainly not Andy, who had already managed to get his cock back to full attention and was stroking it, deciding who he would offer it to.

"I think we should wake up Paul," said Gina, totally



out-of-the-blue.

"What?" I gasped. "Has there been someone else in this flat all this time?" I couldn't help but start to giggle at the sheer craziness of it all. Within a few seconds, however, my giggling had stopped. Paul may have looked bleary-eyed, but he was absolutely gorgeous with long, dark hair and piercing blue eyes. And to think that he going to join in the fun so late.

"What have we here

then?" he grinned, loosening his dressing-gown to reveal a nicely proportioned prick. I didn't think that the question needed answering, so I simply dropped to my knees and took his full-length in my mouth by way of introduction. It certainly seemed to satisfy him, and Gina and Andy decided to monopolise the table and started screwing for all they were worth on it!

Paul's dick was pretty special; long and firm and a bit

thicker than I'd been used to. It felt very rewarding deep-throating him, but I really needed a good shafting.

Leaving Gina and Andy to it, Paul and I sloped off to the bedroom where we spent another few hours putting some novel and exciting sexual positions to the test. Paul was a fabulous lover, and he certainly had stamina, sinking his cock into my pussy and holding himself back from coming to ensure that I got as much out of the experience as he did. He must have come at least three times in one session, which as far as I was concerned was a pretty fine effort. My pussy was positively aching by the time we finally got some shut-eye at nine the next morning!

I woke up at three in the afternoon with the warm

I simply dropped to my knees and took his full length into my mouth

sensation of Paul probing my pussy with his tongue, which has to be the best way of being roused.

I can still hardly believe it actually all happened that night – but it ranks as my most exciting sexual experience ever. Hopefully, I'll pick up Andy and Gina again in my cab soon and we'll relive that fabulous night! – Angela, London

COUPLES CONFESS

Share and share alike

DRAWING BAWD

I've noticed over the last few months that quite a few women have written into *Talkin' Blue*, revealing how they used to be really prudish about sex and how reading the naughty confessions in Club and then trying out some of things mentioned in the stories had changed their sex lives for the better. That's great for them – but that's the opposite to the story that I'm going to tell!

You see, ever since I was first aware of sex, I've known that I've got an exceptionally high sex drive.

even begin to describe how much of a turn-on that is for me. That's why I've tried just about every sexual experience known – I simply can't enough of it!

The way that I look means that I never go short of sex, either. I'm five foot eight, and my skin is smooth all the way down over my generous (38D) boobs right to my rounded buttocks and long legs. My feet are especially sensitive, which I love to have kissed and fondled. With my long, blonde hair and matching pussy thatch, I reckon that I could model for your magazine myself – I



Although I didn't lose my virginity until I was nineteen, I knew how to use my body to excite men and I loved the power that that gave me. I've never been afraid to experiment with sex – and by that I don't just mean trying out different positions with my partner, but different combinations as well. To me, there's nothing more of a turn-on than fucking a guy – or a woman – for the first time. The first taste of cock or pussy, the first time you run your hands through their bushy pubes or the first time you both come at the same time... I can't

may even try one day! At the moment I'm working as a life-model for students at the local art college; which is where the events happened that I'm about to tell you about...

The art tutor there is an old flame of mine. Jeff knows all about my sexual prowess – I almost wore him out with my sexual athletics during our six months together, and he fully accepted the fact that I needed sexual variety in my life. Sometimes he fixes me up with friends of his when he knows I'm getting desperate and haven't had sex for a few days!



When he suggested that I'd be a great model for his private life-drawing class, I jumped at the chance of doing it. I'm proud of my body and, to be honest, the idea of sitting naked in a room full of strangers while they studied every inch of me really got me aroused.

When I arrived there for my first session, the class was smaller than I thought – just two women and three men, apart from Jeff. One girl, Sophie, was there with her boyfriend Bob, and I could tell that they were excited about being there together. I think Sophie wanted to see what effect the sight of a naked model would have on Bob. The other woman, Davina, was about thirty and very assertive. Steve and Paul both had difficulty keeping their eyes off me when I arrived and then disappeared behind the screens to undress.

When I finally got in position on the couch which was on a raised dais in the middle of the room, everything was very quiet as the students got on with their task. I could feel five pairs of eyes boring into me, carefully assessing every inch of bare flesh and curvy contour of my luxuriant body. Jeff was busy studying their work, but I could feel that even he was looking at me, knowing that my nipples were stiffening up under everybody's scrutiny. I'd never had anyone look at me this closely before, and I loved the feeling of flaunting myself, smelling the faint and tangy scent of my pussy juice in



the room.

I knew I was getting more and more turned on, because the tangy smell was getting stronger and I was sure that everyone in the room must have been able to smell it too. I didn't care though; in fact, knowing that they all knew how turned on I felt was making me feel even more daring.

I slowly moved my hand down my body in a caressing movement, until it was resting in my blonde nest of curls. I shifted my thighs apart so that my pussy was on view to the watchers and

I could feel them all holding their breath, just waiting to see what I'd do next. Then I parted my moist lips and started to play with myself.

I lost track of time as my fingers probed inside my sticky hole, spreading the lips wide and fingering myself as my love juices covered my hand and trickled down to my wrist. I didn't let myself move too much – only my hand shifted slightly, but it was agony not to be able to fully throw myself fully into my frigging and really let rip.

When I came, an audible

moan escaped from my lips, and as I laid back on the couch, a satisfied smile spread across my face. It didn't look as if I'd moved at all, but by now everyone in the room was breathing heavily, obviously fully aware of what I'd done. I just hoped that they were as turned on as I was by watching me.

Someone obviously was, because the next moment I felt a pair of hands start to caress my body softly, run-

and eat me out. She certainly knew what she was doing too – I couldn't have done a better job of it myself; her tongue filling all the crevices inside my pussy and her chin covered with my love cream. I came, and then again, my hips arching up off the couch towards her tongue.

"Close your eyes," she whispered, "there's more to come." I obeyed, and immediately felt something warm and hard rubbing on my mouth, persuading me to

My fingers probed inside my sticky hole, spreading the lips wide and fingering myself

ning up and down my sides and over the front of my thighs; the thumbs moving nearer and nearer to my pussy with each upward stroke. I didn't look at whoever it was, but I guessed it was a woman because of the length of the fingernails. I dragged in a breath as one of those nails lightly brushed my clitty. A second time, it was almost more than I could stand. I could feel that I was about to orgasm again, so I opened my eyes to see who was turning me on so much.

It was Sophie, the younger of the two women, which surprised me. I could see the avid glances of everyone in the room fastened on us as Sophie started to use her mouth as well as her hands, kneeling on the dais and bending over me so that she could pull my love-lips apart

open it and take it inside. It was her boyfriend Bob, teasing me with the tip of his cock, pulling it away just as I was about to take it into my mouth and then rubbing it over my lips again. I pouted with frustration, then he let me suck his shaft into my mouth, the salty taste of it deliciously familiar.

As Sophie worked away with her fingers and tongue, I set about giving her boyfriend a good sucking-off, feeling him twitch with arousal as my expert mouth went to work. I could feel his pubes brush against my face as I swallowed his whole length and kept it in my mouth, my tongue lapping at his heavy balls as they nudged against my chin. It can't have been a comfortable position for him, standing at the head of the couch, but I doubt he was thinking of that as he grunted loudly and then emptied his load into my mouth.

That seemed to be the cue for everyone else to join in on the action – except Jeff, who just stood to one side of the room and watched. I remembered from our relationship that that was one of his fetishes – watching group sex and getting incredibly turned on by it. I was the one at the centre of things now, really loving the feel of three pairs of male hands groping me, stroking the soft flesh underneath my boobs and slowly circling down to find my fanny.

Then I had three fingers inside me – one from each fella – each one probing and pushing deeper. I gasped as



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the delicious sensation made me come. Davina and Sophie holding my hands for support and stroking them onto their boobs. Under my fingers, I could feel their nipples getting harder, so with either hand I clenched one nipple and gently tweaked and pulled it. Both Sophie and Davina trembled under my fingers as I started working on their titty-flesh. Then Davina moved so that my hand could reach towards her pussy. As soon as I my index finger slipped inside her moist hole, she breathed a sigh of pure sexual delight.

Although it was very difficult to keep up any kind of rhythm while my pussy was being probed and frigged by three expert guys, I managed to ease my finger in and out until I built up a frantic pace. Davina went totally overboard, periodically pulling my fingers out of her cunt so that she could suck her own juices from them. I was amazed at how easily I made her come, and how many times she did – her pussy walls clenched tightly around my fingers as she came three or four times, moaning that I shouldn't stop until she said so. But after four orgasms, she

Her pussy walls clenched tightly around my fingers as she came

couldn't speak, so I just kept going.

Sophie was harder to bring off. I could feel the ripples going through her as she built up towards her climax, but each time I thought she was going to come, she seemed to hold back at the crucial moment. I could tell that she needed some help...

"Bob," I breathed, "I think Sophie needs some help over here."

Bob gently withdrew his finger from my sticky hole, and then I watched as he bent his girlfriend over the back of the sofa and pushed his thick tool deep inside her. I could hear the squelch of juices as she gasped with



pleasure. As I thought, he only had to draw his cock back and forth a couple of times to bring her to orgasm, her boobs dangling tantalizingly in front of my face as she pushed back against his thrusts.

That was it for me – I needed cock too. Spreading my legs wide, I stroked my inner thighs and gestured for either Steve or Paul to give me a good fucking. Paul's fat cock was first inside me, pumping away hard and fast, almost out of control in his excitement. I had to grip the base of his shaft and hold him inside me as he neared

his orgasm. His load had no sooner shot into my pussy, than he pulled out his cock and Steve replaced him.

I barely had time to notice the difference, except that Steve lasted longer, keeping up his pumping and thrusting for at least ten minutes before he slumped onto my chest and came – his come running out of my cunt and down the insides of my thighs.

That set Davina off and she quickly dived between my legs to take her turn to eat out my pussy, really slurping her tongue around inside me to drink every

drop of come juice and spunk in there. I watched the expression on her face – until I felt myself about to come and had to close my eyes and howl with pleasure. I can't ever remember a time when I've enjoyed every last second of my orgasm so fully.

You might have been wondering what Jeff was doing all this time our little orgy was happening. Well, I discovered that he'd been using his artistic skills to make a few quick pencil drawings of the action in explicit detail. I was shown in every position – my legs wrapped around

Davina's neck; she and Sophie eating out my pussy with obvious relish; the three guys fingering me to orgasm... Jeff is quite well-known in artistic circles, and I've been told that several of the drawings have been changing hands for large sums of money among the collecting fraternity! And as for me, I'm doing another life modelling session next week, so I'm just wondering whether I'll survive another frantic sucking and fucking session without passing out with pleasure! I'll keep you informed, promise! – Nancy, Lincs ♣



Tamsin



"Dress to impress" – that's the maxim of Tamsin, our tempting temp from Bermondsey. This is her first time in Club and she could hardly contain her excitement. "I must have gone through my entire wardrobe before the shoot," she admits. "After all, I wanted to make my first shoot very memorable..."

With a body like yours, Tamsin, we'll find it hard to forget! "Oh, how sweet!" squeals the naughty 19-year-old excitedly. "I was a bit nervous



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though; I mean, not even my boyfriend has seen me completely naked before, so I wanted to wear something very sexy.

"I reckon these stockings are just the job," adds Tamsin, rolling them down her smooth leg. "But I was so turned on by the end of the shoot I couldn't wait to get them off!"

Ain't that always the way, Tamsin! ♠



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A full-body photograph of a woman with long, dark hair, wearing a white bikini with a lace-trimmed top and matching bottoms. She is standing against a solid blue background. Her right hand is resting on her hip, and her left arm is bent with her hand near her chest. She is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression.

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Photographs by Bob Twigg

Hayley

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This is the first time that Hayley's ever appeared nude in front of a camera before, and the 18-year-old is understandably excited. "It's like losing my virginity in front of the whole world," reveals the secretary from Stoke. Mmm, perhaps you'd like to explain...

"Well, I know that all my friends back home will see me baring my boobs and flashing my pussy," she squeals excitedly. "And then there's all the staff in the shop where I work – they'll see my naked bum! Gosh,



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*even the fellas from the pub I go to will see my secret
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*"And you know what?" giggles the sensuous sex-kit-
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We can't argue with that, Hayley! ♡



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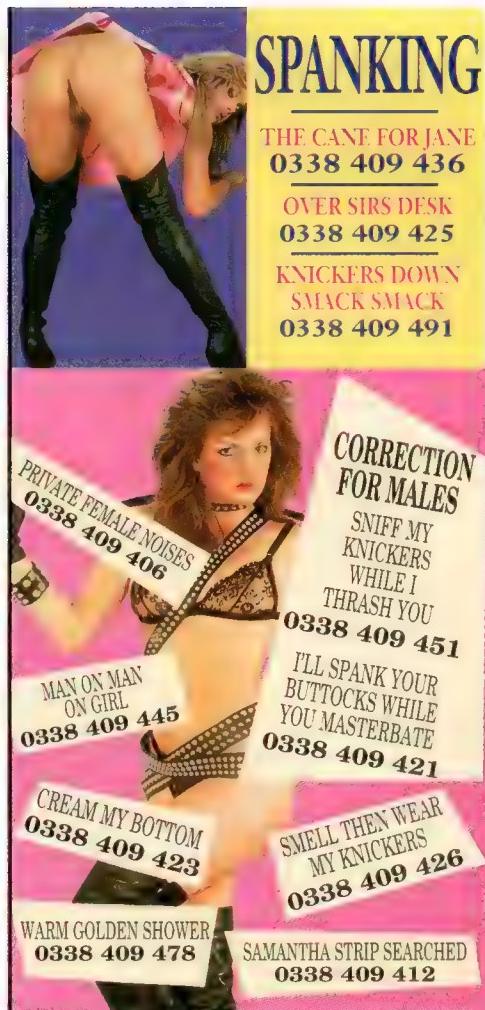
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**I'LL TOSS
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**I'll talk dirty
while you W**k**
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**AUNTIE
needs shafting!**
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767 530**



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0898 767 531

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You W**k!!
0898 767 532

Sisters-in-Law
will W**k
0898 767 533

Virgin wants it
Doggystyle
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Ram it up me!
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Waitress gives
Tit W**k
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Hear Kate (19)
Masturbate
Jane (21)
0898
767
539

**Auntie
needs Shafting**
0898 767 540

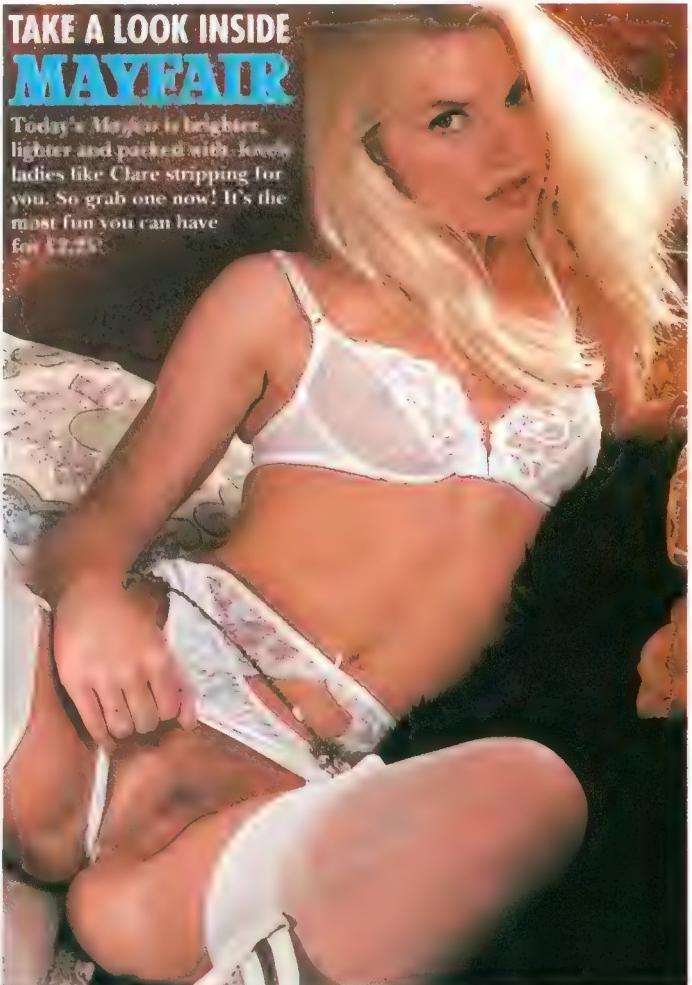
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(Debbie and Gale, Chester) 0338 418 884

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bag

continued from page 43

pounding and my prick was thrusting painfully into my trousers. Angela and Julia, wow! This was a pleasant surprise, and I wasn't going to miss any of this little show.

I watched intently as Angela stood up and then started pulling her thin blouse over her head. Her firm breasts wobbled free from her jumper, unimpeded by a bra; her nipples very full and pink. She embraced Julia, who slid down from the desk and they pressed their breasts together and fell into a passionate French kiss.

After a few absorbed moments, Angela's hands slid smoothly down to Julia's buttocks and gently eased her short skirt up as far as it would go. One hand held it at her waist while the other caressed the white lace panties that curved tightly around her full cheeks. Then her fingers slid into the top of the elastic and ran right around her hips, before diving impatiently between her legs. This triggered an immediate response from Julia; an impassioned smile spread across her face, then her hand moved between Angela's thighs and she began vigorously massaging her cunt. Their loud moans, suppressed by their clinging kiss, were a delight to listen to. Both of them looked incredibly turned-on and I could feel myself getting harder every second.

Then Julia writhed her tits against Angela's, released herself and hooked her fingers into the belt loops of Angela's silk trousers. She quickly sank down to the floor, pulling the trousers as she went and then licked her way up Angela's thighs. She was only wearing a black thong and Julia eased it to one side and sank her tongue between her cunt lips. Angela was having difficulty standing, her legs were shaking and she sank back onto her chair, raising and spreading her legs over the arms and turning in my direction. Her labia were long and fleshy, pouting out from her pubes where the thong was pulled aside.

Julia then moved onto the chair and sat astride Angela, freeing one of her breasts from its lace cup and then massaging it into her wet quim, before pulling herself up the length of Angela's body and then grinding her pussy onto Angela's face.

My prick throbbed for release now and my balls ached as I watched Angela lying back in the chair, completely immersed in her friend's ministrations, fervently fondling her own

tits and looking close to orgasm. Julia was still prostrated in the chair, eagerly grinding her pussy into her friend's face and moaning loudly with the pleasure of it all. "I'm coming," squealed Julia, swivelling her hips and throwing her head back, then falling limply in the chair.

Then Angela came with a loud scream and she threw her arms around Julia, both hugging each other tightly with their eyes shut. It was several minutes before they both recovered, then Angela opened her eyes... and looked straight at me. I held my breath, I didn't think she could see me. Then a smile spread across her face and she winked very deliberately at me.

Next thing I knew, Julia was lying across the table with her thighs apart as Angela slowly licked her way up them, all the while fixing me with an intense glare. She was going to give me a second showing, knowing I was watching every move.

Angela gave everything she could: stroking Julia's pussy with her



You want to join, fine... Send for a form to, MENSA... Pardon? Yes, it's M.E.N.S.A

nimble fingers, then pulling apart her cunt lips and fucking her with her agile tongue. It was the sexiest thing that I've ever seen, but it wasn't over. Once Angela had fully satisfied Julia, the two of them manoeuvred themselves onto the desk and then ate each other out in a 69 position. I'd never seen anything like it before! They came in unison, and I'll never forget the sight of Angela drawing out a wet finger from Julia's pussy and then licking it, while smiling right at me.

Angela never did tell Julia that I was watching their little show: they got dressed later and headed off together without saying a word. However, the next day, Angela came into my office and asked me if I'd be working late next Friday. "Julia and I may need a little help," she told me with a cheeky smile. "So just make sure you're around, okay?" I'll let you know how my late night at the office goes! - Andy, Wrexham

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Please can either you or your readers let me know, am I a complete tart, or

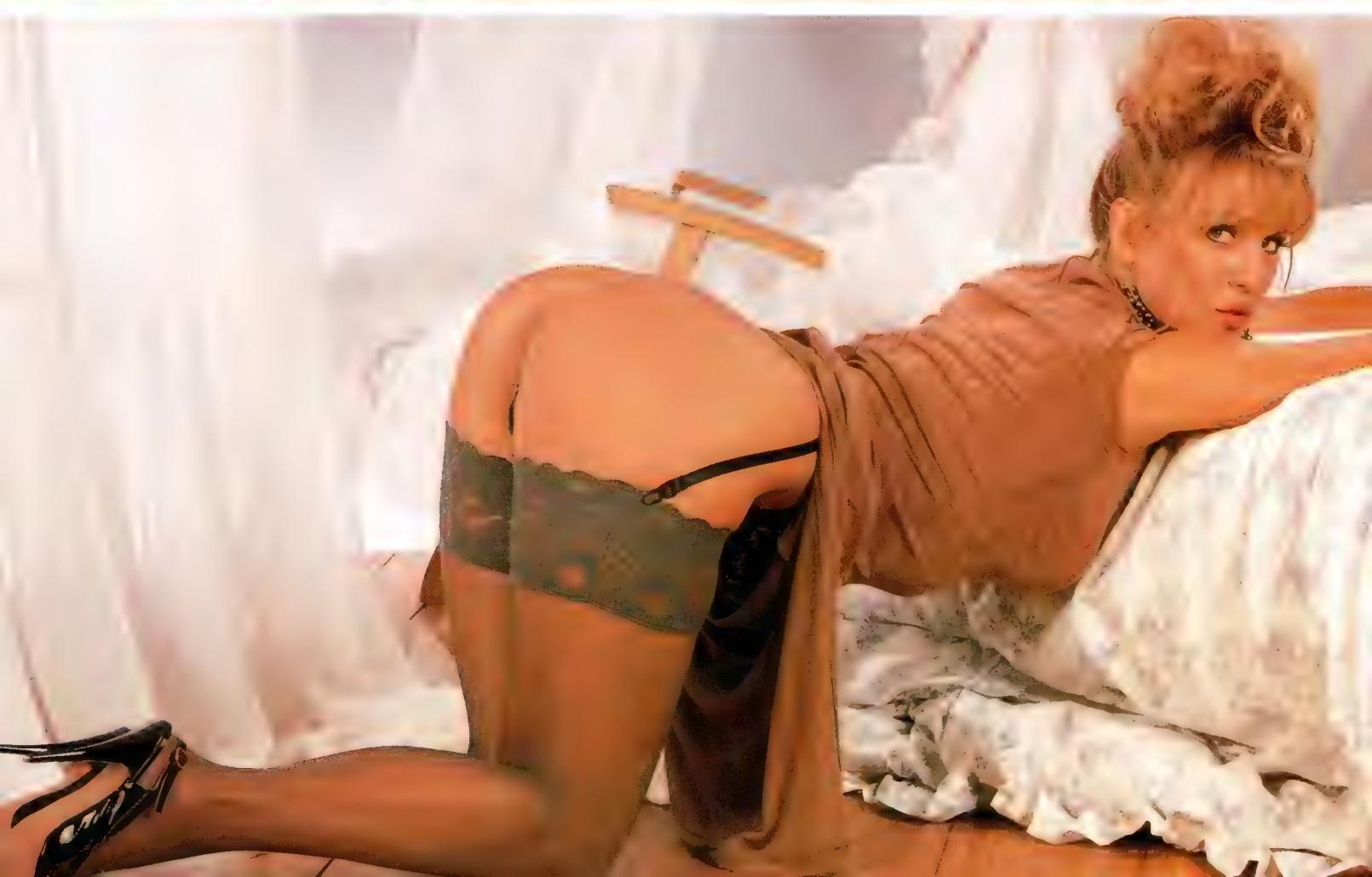
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Anna

Photographs by Geoff Howes

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COMING IN club

NICE
KNOCKERS,
OR WHAT?!



Next month's Mad March Minge is Simone. We say she's mad because she's bonkers for bonking! And let's face it, that's we're here for. And, hey, did we mention that Simone has knockers like two full moons on a cloudless night? No, but have now. And we haven't even mentioned what's between her legs. But that's for us to know and for you to find out...♣

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bag

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have I just been through an experience most married women do? For reasons which will become obvious, I can't ask my husband or friends this question.

I've just done something which I'm not proud of, but which I know I had to do and will need to do again.

I'm 35-years-old and have been married for 17 years to a great man. Our sex life is still just as good as it's always been (in other words, more than satisfying). Despite the rigours of child-birth, I've still got a body my husband describes as "designed for fantastic sex". The shapely figure that made heads turn when I was 18 is still as good as ever and my 40" tits are just as firm and bouncy as they were back then.

Why then, despite all this, did I feel as if I was missing something?

I seem to have been fighting off advances for years; for example, that well-hung German who dropped his towel and invited me to taste his 'sausage' as I tried to take a quiet sauna in our local hotel's health club!

I've tried hard to be a good wife, but about six months ago I started fantasising about having sex with another man and I was getting so worked up I reached the point where my fantasy had to become reality.

Since August I've worked four days a week as a receptionist in the showroom of a double-glazing firm. It's a cushy job as hardly anyone comes in. There is one regular visitor, however, a local builder who does sub-contract work on our conservatories.

Dave is a real sexist and although quite attractive in a 'rough and ready' kind of way, not at all my type. I've become accustomed to his too-long looks at my tits and suggestive comments. I know he's the type who goes after anything in a skirt and he knows that although I'm a 'right tasty sort', he'll never get anywhere with me. So I'm not sure who was more shocked at the events of last week, him or me!

I was putting some files in the bottom draw and didn't hear him come in. The first I knew he was there was when I heard his voice close behind me. He said, "You know, I don't know which I'd like to get my hands on more, those big tits of yours or that

great looking bum."

I remained bent over and just gave him one of my dreaded 'looks'. He rose to the bait and said, "What a waste to have a body like that on a woman not willing to share it. Your bloke is a lucky sod. My God, I could do some damage to you."

I don't know what it was but something just clicked. I walked past him, locked the showroom door and went into the back office. Pausing by the door and unbuttoning my blouse, I said to a clearly stunned Dave, "I've got a theory that you're all mouth and no action. Are you going to prove me wrong?"

As Dave fair galloped into the office behind me, I perched myself on the edge of the long conference table and hitched my skirt up to show off my black stockings and suspenders. I carried on unbuttoning my blouse but before I could fully reveal my boobs, Dave was on me.

Sat on the table, I had one of his huge hands fondling my tits and the other rubbing the front of my panties furiously. I realised this was as adventurous as Dave's foreplay got, but after I unzipped his jeans and his large, thick dick flopped out I thought "sod the foreplay, fuck my brains out!" I don't know whether it was a



We're trying to wean him off his dummy

reaction to playing the part of the dutiful wife for so many years but I wanted Dave to fuck me harder and dirtier than I've ever been fucked before. Thankfully, he duly obliged!

Dave spun me round, bent me over the table and whispered in my ear, "I'm just about to prove that I'm not all mouth, just all action!" With that he yanked my panties to one side and pushed his huge, stiff cock hard into my soaking fanny. He grabbed hold of my waist and as well as pushing hard into me, pulled me back onto his cock at the same time. The effect was amazing! I was literally screaming my head off with the mixture of pleasure and pain. I can honestly say that the orgasm which ripped through my body was the best I'd ever had.

It was a good job we were quiet that day because after Dave had gone, I spent the rest of the afternoon with my hands between my legs, reliving the pleasure! Monogamy's not always all it's cracked up to be, I can tell you! — Patricia, Lancaster. ♣



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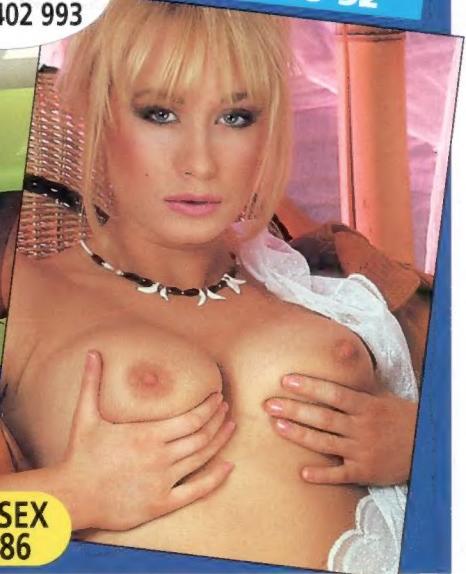
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NEW

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SHAG ME OVER THE DESK
0338 40 40 94
JULIE LICKED OUT MY FANNY
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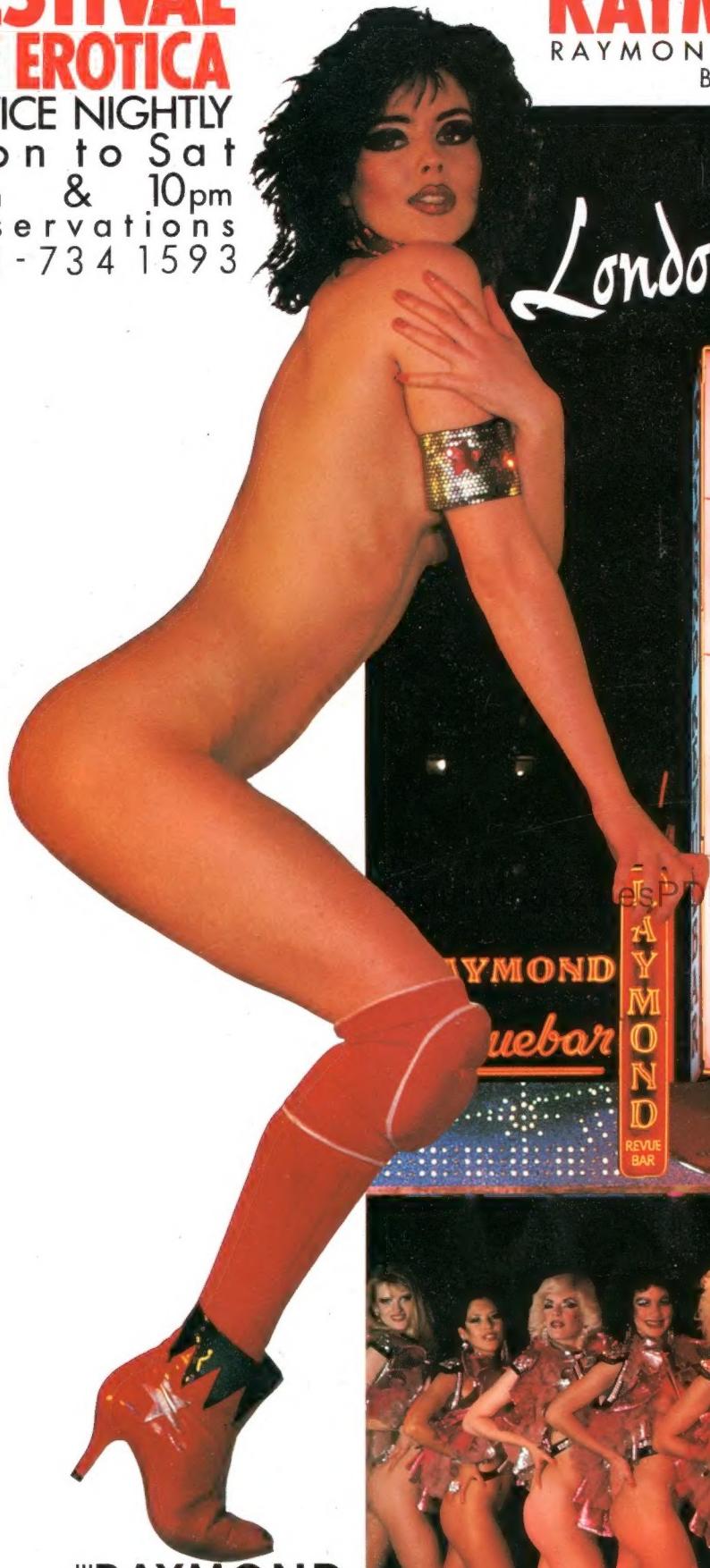
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